

Vorenberg's

Washington, Hanover & Elm Sts.

Every item here pictured we assure with you at wholesale cost. Several are Easter wear special. Every one the best value in Boston.

75c Aviation Hats 29c

Navy, Red and White, pure Australian wool. Buy 75c value for 29c or for next year even.



\$8.50 Serge Dresses \$4.98

The wonder of every one. Simply exquisite, model in all-wool serge, sailor collar with colored piping. Navy and green, navy and tan, brown and tan and black and garnet.



\$1.50 Tailored Waists 79c

Sole extra quality, fine striped, petate, soft collar and cuffs, detachable side trim, Monday through Friday.



\$3.00 Silk Waist \$1.69

Regal quality of tulle. Navy tailored model with contrast of the tulle. Long sleeves. Colors black and navy blue. \$3.00 value. Popular. \$1.69.



\$3.00 Silk Petticoats \$1.98

Gorgeous rustling black tulle. Deep corded ruffle with extra stiff fluff. Actual \$3 value. Special \$1.98.



\$1.25 Flannelette Kimonos 79c

Of soft and fleecy flannelette in Oriental floral designs. Fitted back, trimmed with bands of satin. Actual \$1.25 value. -79c



Mail Orders Filled on Every Item

WOMAN OF TWENTY YEARS A PHYSICIAN

BROCKTON, Feb. 1.—Miss Hovakian, Maligian of this city is believed to be the youngest girl residing in this country. She is Maligian is only twenty years old, and has been practicing three months.

In her eleven years' study Miss Maligian has won many prizes. When she and her parents brought her to this country from Armenia. She did not like to go to school at first, but after a few days until she was nine years old did she attend school. At twelve she was graduated from the grammar school. She passed the entrance examination to the high school with high honors. She attended Boston University, and was the only student from Armenia to graduate from the university. In 1911 she was graduated with an M. D. degree.

You need this AMERICAN
warrant, Hotel, cars and boats.

1,000 Pairs of Men's Trousers, Monday, at 1.49

Values in the lot beyond comparison, and similar pants sold in other stores at \$2.49. The fabrics include blue, navy, black, striped, seersucker and all-weather raincoats, sizes 30 to 50 waist. Monday's Great Mid-End Price—**1.49**

MEN'S BLACK RUBBER SURFACE
RAIN COATS—With removable sleeves, guaranteed rain proof, just 65 in the lot, worth \$4.95. Monday at **1.49**

MEN'S \$10.00 AND \$12.00 OVERCOATS AND SUITS at the Mid-End Price Monday at **7.49**

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CHAMPION CUT-UP IS ED. EGGLESTON

Brockton Joker's Wife Doesn't Laugh at His Latest, Promising to Wed Another.

BROCKTON, Feb. 15.—Edwin T. Eggleston, of this city, a married man, is accused by Miss Gertrude O. Wilson of Manchester, N. H., of courting her for three years, making out a marriage license to wed her on November 21st and of deserting her the night before the wedding day, said today by her latest, most acquainted, with whom to get acquainted by Miss Wilson all in fifteen minutes, but that it was "only a joke".

The Manchester story came out through a letter received on Friday by City Clerk Palmer of Manchester from Mrs. Eggleston. Mrs. Eggleston inquired if her husband ever had applied for or obtained a license to marry a Massachusetts woman. That led to a search of the records, discovery of a license and the finding of Miss Wilson.

Eggleston was asked why his wife wrote to the Manchester city clerk if the Manchester license was a joke.

"Well," said Eggleston, "my wife just wrote out of curiosity to the city clerk of Manchester, just like a woman would. Why, the marriage story wouldn't have reached my wife at all if I hadn't shown her the notice of the marriage license in the Manchester paper myself."

Eggleston lives at No. 44 Palmonst street. He didn't care to talk.

The first known of the story was when dispatches from Manchester, N. H., related the arrival of Mrs. Eggleston at the City Clerk's office. The City Clerk found that he had issued a license on November 19, last, to Edwin T. Eggleston and Miss Gertrude O. Wilson of East Manchester. The license had not been returned, so there was no record of ceremony.

Miss Wilson was found in an East Manchester shoe shop. She gave a brief but emphatic statement, saying:

"I was engaged to be married to Ed. W. T. Eggleston on November 21. He disappeared the night before and I haven't seen him since. He courted me and we were engaged. I am glad it won't be further, for I heard that his wife had a wife in Massachusetts. I never wish to see him again."

CAMBRIDGE SUBWAY.

Officials Say It Will Not Be Opened Before April 1.

According to a statement made by an official of the Boston Elevated, the Cambridge subway will not be opened until April 1. It had been unofficially stated that the subway would be opened March 4. No one said it will not be in readiness for the opening by the first of April.

Harbors Are Exhibit.

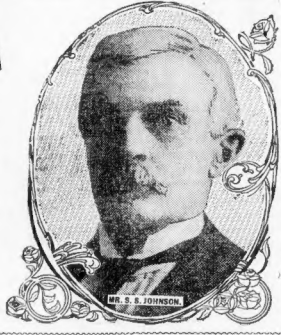
Photographs of docks, shipping and loading facilities, of ports and harbors, especially of the port system of Hamburg, are on exhibition at the Boston Public Library. The display is educational and of considerable interest, showing the state of the art of the harbor development.

Tuttle's Family Elixir

For Coughs, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough.

ALMOST DEAD WITH CATARRH

"PERUNA HAS SAVED MY LIFE"



Catarrh for Five Years.

Mr. S. S. Johnson, Greenville, Ill., writes: "I was for five years tormented with catarrh. Two years ago I had one fork in the grave. I had tried seven doctors and went to a cathartic specialist in St. Louis, and took several kinds of medicine a day. I could not walk more than a hundred yards without resting."

"My friends told me to take Peruna, and I did so. I now feel that Peruna has saved my life. It is the best medicine on earth, and I would not be without it."

A Heavy Cold.

Samuel McKinley, 1215 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., member of the Society of the United States Jewelry Association, writes:

"I can honestly say that I owe my life to Peruna. After some of the best doctors in the country gave me up and told me I could not live another month, Peruna saved me."

"Travelling from town to town throughout the country, and having to go into all kinds of badly heated stores and buildings, sometimes standing up for hours at a time while playing my trade as auctioneer, it is only natural that I had colds frequently, and when this would occur I paid little attention to it, until last December, when I contracted a severe case, which, through neglect on my part, settled on my lungs."

Kubelik Says Women Artists Should Not Wed

'Tis Different With Men, Thinks Great Violinist

KUBELIKS AND THEIR MUSICAL CHILDREN

By ELIZABETH ELLIOTT.

There is no Recipe for Success and Happiness; One Brings the Other.

MADEIRA, Cuba, who, she says, is "different" with men, is the picture of the domestic, adoring wife as she sat at the table in her apartment at the Zoraida yesterday while her husband sat at the piano, playing, as I entered.

"I love America," Madame Kubelik volunteered, showing that this was not her first interview. "But especially I love California."

"And grape fruit," her husband added with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"And I am glad to leave my children, but I am happy when with my husband. His success means much, oh, very much to me, and I am so happy when they all love him."

And this from that I had expected to find—the jealous wife of a genius.

When Jan Kubelik was younger he said that he wanted a wife who would adore him—who would die for him—and in that, as in all else, his ambition has been gratified, for this little woman with her wealth of dusky blonde hair, her girlish figure and

her winsome, playful face is all that and more. She loves him, she understands him and she lives for him as she would die for the great violinist.

"It is almost impossible to imagine this charming life of femininity the mother of family and your art, which would you give children, 'and all such wonders,' she says with natural parental pride. "All I turned to the Jan. Why, they are just as I am."

"There is no recipe; they should be one before the other. All men should marry and marry young. It is their safeguard. If you don't marry young, you are a failure."

"I don't see how you can be a failure if you don't marry young. It is the only way to success. If you don't marry young, you are a failure."

"No woman artist should marry. An artist should marry, not some man, but a woman. A woman is a woman of artistic temperament, but never a man."

"But your wife is an artist," I objected. "and you are held up as the ideal married couple."

"Oh, yes. If they were all like my wife, the world of art would be a different place. I don't see how you can be a failure if you don't marry young. It is the only way to success. If you don't marry young, you are a failure."

"I can also say that it is a great remedy for coughs, because I gave it to my children. I never will be without it. I used enough other medicine to know how valuable Peruna is."

"You are at liberty to use my name in spreading the merits of Peruna."



The individual picture is that of Madame Kubelik. In the group are Jan Kubelik, the great violinist, Madame Kubelik and their five children having a jollification. The children already give promise of attaining more than average success in the world of music.

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CARLO-MAX DOG FIGHT IS SETTLED

Orion Stewart of Brockton Admits Mrs. Clark Was Right in Her 'Carloism' Claims

BROCKTON, Feb. 15.—The famous Carlo-Max dog case has suddenly come to a peaceful settlement. Orion Stewart admitted that Mrs. Clark was right after all in her "Carloism" claims.

Two years ago the Stewarts had a dog named Carlo. Early dog was lost. Then the Stewarts found a dog named Max. Max was the Carlo-Max dog. Max was the Carlo-Max dog. Max was the Carlo-Max dog.

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John Is 32; Jane Is 24 Years Old

Five Hundred Interested Readers Dispose of the Problem: Howard Hovey, Providence, R.I.

Howard Hovey, of Providence, R.I., has solved the problem of the "Carlo-Max" dog case. He has found that John is 32 years old and Jane is 24 years old.

John was born on February 15, 1882. Jane was born on February 15, 1890. John is now 32 years old and Jane is now 24 years old.

John is a very handsome man. Jane is a very beautiful woman. John and Jane are very much in love.

John and Jane have five children. John is the father and Jane is the mother. John and Jane are very much in love.

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'BUNNY HUG' DANCE LID ON IN NEWPORT

Altogether Too Much "Turkey Trotting" and "Grizzly" Business to Suit Chief.

NEWPORT, Feb. 15.—As a result of the "Bunny Hug" dance which was held at the Casino Hotel in Newport, the chief of police has ordered that no dancing be held at any place in the city.

The dance was held on Saturday night. It was a very large dance. There were many people at the dance. The dance was very much enjoyed by all.

The dance was held at the Casino Hotel. The Casino Hotel is a very large hotel. It has many rooms and a very large dining hall.

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FLORIDA TOO COLD
FOR THIS YANKEE

George Varney Hustles Back
to Somersworth, N. H., to
Keep From Freezing.

SOMERS, NORTH, N. H., Feb. 17.—Mr. and Mrs. George Varny, who went to Florida about three months ago, intending to spend the Winter there, are back at their home in Blackwater. Mr. Varny had spent one Winter in Florida and expected that this would be as pleasant as that, but he reports that this has been an unusual Winter there, marked by rain, fog and dampness.

The Florida rainy season usually comes in July and August, but this year, owing to climatic change, there was a dry spell during these months and the rain did not come until December and January. Mr.

When George started North he found a specially selected group of doctors all the way up through Georgia and the Carolinas that were willing to let the doctors of Florida use sending people from there to New Hampshire, in from Iowa and not even from the doctors here were sending people there.

Will Give Irish Dance.

Announcement will shortly be made of the selection of the Irish dance to be presented by the members of the Irish-American Men's Association of East Newton to the annual dance of the association at the Hotel Hampshire in Boston in the social circles of Greater Boston.

FURNITURE CO.
SATURDAY UNTIL 9 P. M.

FURNITURE

\$5.00	DOWN	\$50
\$7.50	DOWN	\$75
10	DOWN	100

AMERICAN ANTI-TRUST LEAGUE

NO MORE INTEREST OR OTHER

FREE
This
Handsome
Mahogany
ROCKER
with a new

Value \$19.50

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Boston and Tremont Streets

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Hallet & Davis

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as the standard
highest known
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product and is of the
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magnificent choir in

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ANO Co.

RIES, BOSTON

1

Over 400,000
Daily in Homes of
Chicago and
Suburbs



The Biggest
Daily Newspaper
West of
New York
City

A Record Gain for Chicago's Biggest Daily

The Chicago Evening American, during 1911, again demonstrated the fact that prudent advertisers **buy circulation**. Its gain in local display advertising (**\$27.02 Cols.**) was the largest of any Chicago daily newspaper; its circulation is greater than the circulation of all the other Chicago evening newspapers combined (with one exception), and many thousands greater than its nearest competitor. Circulation is what advertisers buy—the fact that the American continues to grow bigger and bigger, that experienced advertisers continue to use it in increasing numbers, is complete assurance that it **pays**.

BIG DEPARTMENT AND CLOTHING STORES

The American	Gained	- - -	131,761	Lines
Next Evening Paper	Lost	- - -	195,651	Lines

TOTAL LOCAL DISPLAY ADVERTISING

The American	Gained	- - -	\$27.02	Columns
Next Evening Paper	Lost	- - -	262.20	Columns

TOTAL NET DISPLAY ADVERTISING

The American	Gained	- - -	742.10	Columns
Next Evening Paper	Lost	- - -	116.34	Columns

TOTAL CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

The American	Lost*	- - -	63.64	Columns
Next Evening Paper	Lost	- - -	1078.40	Columns

TOTAL NET ON ALL ADVERTISING

The American	Gained	- - -	678.46	Columns
Next Evening Paper	Lost	- - -	1194.74	Columns

★ The American carries no regular Classified Department, all advertising of this nature paying regular display rates.

Circulation Pays!!

Are you getting all you can out of it!



BIG STRIKE A BLOW AT PROTECTION SYSTEM

other leaders of the strike, who are now in the hands of the police, are being held in the city hall. The strike is a blow at the protection system, which is the basis of the city's revenue.

It is up to Lawrence. The city of Lawrence, Mass., is now in a state of anarchy. The strike is a blow at the protection system, which is the basis of the city's revenue. The city is now in a state of anarchy. The strike is a blow at the protection system, which is the basis of the city's revenue.

Quick to Follow Leaders. The strike is a blow at the protection system, which is the basis of the city's revenue. The city is now in a state of anarchy. The strike is a blow at the protection system, which is the basis of the city's revenue.

Hope in Minimum Wage Bill. The strike is a blow at the protection system, which is the basis of the city's revenue. The city is now in a state of anarchy. The strike is a blow at the protection system, which is the basis of the city's revenue.

Great Improvement in Dentistry

SUCCESSFUL RESULTS OBTAINED BY USING NEW STYLE PORCELAIN TEETH IN BRIDGE WORK

\$5

This has been accomplished by the use of the new style porcelain teeth. The results are a great improvement in dentistry. The new style porcelain teeth are a great improvement in dentistry.

Sound Sleep

Is usual in the city. But business, and headaches, sour stomach, indigestion go when the bowels are regulated and the liver and kidneys stimulated by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold everywhere. In boxes 10c, 25c, 50c.

BECHAM'S PILLS. BECHAM'S PILLS. BECHAM'S PILLS.

BECHAM'S PILLS. BECHAM'S PILLS. BECHAM'S PILLS.

EXILING OF CHILDREN IS STOPPED BY COL. SWEETSER

"I am not going to stand idly by and allow this to continue, unless I am ordered to do so by higher authority. I have notified Mr. Vane, by letter, that through him the strike committee, that I will not permit the sending of little children away from the city for any purpose, without the consent of their parents."

STRIKERS' CHILDREN PARADE IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK, Feb. 17. Strikers' children will parade in New York today. The children of the strikers will parade in New York today. The children of the strikers will parade in New York today.

WHILE CHILDREN OF STRIKERS WERE WAITING AT DEPOT

by REV. ALBERT E. GEORGE. The children of the strikers were waiting at the depot. The children of the strikers were waiting at the depot. The children of the strikers were waiting at the depot.

Police Force Back Crowds

The police force back crowds. The police force back crowds. The police force back crowds.

Slump Mr. Parker

Slump Mr. Parker. Slump Mr. Parker. Slump Mr. Parker.

Relax to Carry Banners

Relax to carry banners. Relax to carry banners. Relax to carry banners.

Oranges for Little Ones

Oranges for little ones. Oranges for little ones. Oranges for little ones.

Decline Aid for Children

Decline aid for children. Decline aid for children. Decline aid for children.

Feet Very Long

Feet very long. Feet very long. Feet very long.

Need Agents' Appeal

Need agents' appeal. Need agents' appeal. Need agents' appeal.

Shoemaker's Poultry Book

Shoemaker's poultry book. Shoemaker's poultry book. Shoemaker's poultry book.

Sound Sleep

Sound sleep. Sound sleep. Sound sleep.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Beecham's pills. Beecham's pills. Beecham's pills.

Beecham's pills. Beecham's pills. Beecham's pills.

Beecham's pills. Beecham's pills. Beecham's pills.

BOY FIGHTS HARD TO ESCAPE, BUT LOSES

Boy fights hard to escape, but loses. Boy fights hard to escape, but loses. Boy fights hard to escape, but loses.

MAJOR CHARGES HYSTERIA AT SUNDAY CHILD IS DROPPED ONTO TRAIN

Major charges hysteria at Sunday child is dropped onto train. Major charges hysteria at Sunday child is dropped onto train. Major charges hysteria at Sunday child is dropped onto train.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL SENDS CHECK TO AID STRIKERS' FAMILIES

Cardinal O'Connell sends check to aid strikers' families. Cardinal O'Connell sends check to aid strikers' families. Cardinal O'Connell sends check to aid strikers' families.

The Abuse of Power

The abuse of power. The abuse of power. The abuse of power.

HAYWOOD APPEALS FOR STRIKE AID AT LOWELL MEETING

Haywood appeals for strike aid at Lowell meeting. Haywood appeals for strike aid at Lowell meeting. Haywood appeals for strike aid at Lowell meeting.

CUTICURA SOAP SHAVING STICK For Tender Faces

Cuticura soap shaving stick for tender faces. Cuticura soap shaving stick for tender faces. Cuticura soap shaving stick for tender faces.

Avoid Blends! Send us your order for Hayner Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey

Avoid blends! Send us your order for Hayner bottled-in-bond whiskey. Avoid blends! Send us your order for Hayner bottled-in-bond whiskey.

NO MATTER what other may promise

No matter what other may promise. No matter what other may promise. No matter what other may promise.

WE WANT you to TRY this whiskey

We want you to try this whiskey. We want you to try this whiskey. We want you to try this whiskey.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.

The Hayner distilling co. The Hayner distilling co. The Hayner distilling co.

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THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.

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DR. DE NORMANDIE

Dr. De Normandie. Dr. De Normandie. Dr. De Normandie.

ON LAWRENCE STRIKE

On Lawrence strike. On Lawrence strike. On Lawrence strike.

Back of Struggle Is National Measure Comes Up Tomorrow

Back of struggle is national measure comes up tomorrow. Back of struggle is national measure comes up tomorrow. Back of struggle is national measure comes up tomorrow.

Measure Comes Up Tomorrow

Measure comes up tomorrow. Measure comes up tomorrow. Measure comes up tomorrow.

Before the Committee on Rules

Before the committee on rules. Before the committee on rules. Before the committee on rules.

Simple Life Ignored

Simple life ignored. Simple life ignored. Simple life ignored.

WRINKLES GO QUICK

Wrinkles go quick. Wrinkles go quick. Wrinkles go quick.

EASY HOME TREATMENT

Easy home treatment. Easy home treatment. Easy home treatment.

PRINCESS TOKIO

Princess Tokio. Princess Tokio. Princess Tokio.

REMOVE WRINKLES

Remove wrinkles. Remove wrinkles. Remove wrinkles.

PRINCESS TOKIO

Princess Tokio. Princess Tokio. Princess Tokio.

WHOLESALE TRANSMISSION

Wholesale transmission. Wholesale transmission. Wholesale transmission.

COCKROACHES AND WATERBOYS

Cockroaches and waterboys. Cockroaches and waterboys. Cockroaches and waterboys.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.

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THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.

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He—the Springfield Grouch—Calls the "Attitude" of these College Girls "Ridiculous." He Wonders Why the Young Ladies Didn't Pose Standing on One Leg. Isn't He the Brute? WE Should Like Photographs of the Basketball Players Standing on ALL Their Legs. (The Seniors Beat the Juniors, 29 to 14.)



is the falling hair ruining that beautiful thick and wavy hair that you are so proud of and treasure so much?

You can stop the falling out and restore those gray hairs to their natural color just as soon as you begin to use HAY'S HAIR HEALTH. Don't delay—don't run the risk of losing altogether, with thin, scraggly, gray hair your beauty and youthful appearance.

Keep your hair natural colored, thick and glossy, and you will always keep your good looks. It is not a dye.

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Afternoon Tea a

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Open Continuously fro

ENTRANCE
THROUGH
OUR FRENCH
PASTRY SHOP

the strenuous life,
surroundings, you
fine or sip your
and rest.

ES ARE MODER-
noon Tea Check
hall.

om, 11 A. M. to 8 P. M.

A CONVENIENT
BEFORE
THE THEATRE
TRUNK PLACE

OUR NEW

No. 8 Edison

PHONOGRAPH OUTFIT

F

FOR SIX DOLLARS

You can double your pleasure if you have a genuine Edison Phonograph in 3 or four hour
Edison's new No. 8 gramophone records are made of pure Edison-Hill Phosphor's latest perfected alloy. Side-splitting comedy, beautiful sentimental songs, hit tunes, and stirring music—all in one bit—also are reproduced faithfully of course, the latest audacious musical gems now being recorded by the famous artists who make us want to hear it over and over again. You get all that in our No. 8 outfit for \$6.00. It's capital value.

Jason Weiler & Son
Mfg. Wholesale and Retail Jewellers.
Direct Diamond Importers since 1874
365 Washington St.
Up One Flight.
Foreign { Antwerp, on Rm. 207
Agencies { Buenos Aires, 64-5
Open Saturday Evenings.

Edison Phonograph in your home.

Every afternoon, eve— evening every Sunday, you can listen to this sweet-toned Edison—Mr. Edison's latest perfected model. Side-splitting comedy, beautiful sentimental songs, the masterpieces of opera, the latest audacious hits—all are reproduced nature's as life by this king of the gramophone.

Don't fail to hear it laugh, hear it sing, hear it play, and you are doing so as it is the joy of the hour, by taking advantage of our great King of the Gramophone.

Tell me how you can get the magnificent Oyster
 Beer in your own home.

You can
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 any kind
 of beer
 delivered
 to your
 door. You
 can have
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 to your
 door.

AMBEROL RECORDS
 are the new latest
 records that you
 can have
 and one half million each one
 and one half million each one
 and one half million each one

OUR NEW OFFER IS THE MOST LIBERAL EVER MADE

[illegible]

21 BOSTON PLAYERS HOLD UP CONTRACTS

Sweeney and Donnelly Are
"Hold-Out" Men; "Buck"
O'Brien Wavers.

OTHERS LIKELY TO SIGN

Speaker and Hooper Are the
Most Notable of the De-
linquents.

The Red Sox and Boston players have failed to sign their respective contracts. Sweeney and Donnelly are the most notable of the delinquents. "Buck" O'Brien is wavering. Speaker and Hooper are the most notable of the delinquents. The Red Sox have failed to sign their respective contracts. Sweeney and Donnelly are the most notable of the delinquents. "Buck" O'Brien is wavering. Speaker and Hooper are the most notable of the delinquents.

McAleer Wants to Be "Shower"

McAleer, a former pitcher, has been offered a contract by the Boston Red Sox. He is a former pitcher and has been offered a contract by the Boston Red Sox. He is a former pitcher and has been offered a contract by the Boston Red Sox.

SCHOOL BOY TRACK GAMES ON SATURDAY

Hundreds of Entries Received
for Annual B. A. Games;
Exeter Is Favorite.

The annual B. A. Games, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. The annual B. A. Games, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

National Game To August

The national game, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. The national game, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

Worcester Not Strong

The Worcester team, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. The Worcester team, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

Killing Johnny Kling and Wife

The killing of Johnny Kling and his wife, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. The killing of Johnny Kling and his wife, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

ELL CARRIGAN AND HUB PERDUE REACH HOT SPRINGS CAMP

Ell Carrigan and Hub Perdue, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. Ell Carrigan and Hub Perdue, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

CLINTON GIRLS LOSE

The Clinton girls' basketball team, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. The Clinton girls' basketball team, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

LEONISTER HIGH WINS BASKET- BALL GAME, 15 TO 3

The Leonister high school basketball team, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. The Leonister high school basketball team, a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

TWO RECORDS BROKEN

Two records were broken in a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. Two records were broken in a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

SWIMMING EXHIBITION WINDS UP PLAYGROUND CONGRESS

Swimming races, water polo and exhibitions of various strokes in the tank of Brookline Municipal Gymnasium mark end of New England Recreation Institute Convention. Addresses by Miss Mary P. Follett of Boston, on "Use of School Buildings," Michael M. Davis, director of the Boston Dispensary, on "Evening Recreation Centres," and Mrs. David Kirk of New York, on "The Social Centre," are features of the sessions of the gathering during earlier part of the last day.



In the circular picture at the left is Miss Mary P. Follett, director of the Boston Flag Guards. At the right appears J. Leonard Davis, director of the Brookline Gymnasium. Branch, in gymnastic dress, is Miss Rita McNeill. The girls in bloomers in the large picture are from the G. B. G. A. A. and reading left to right are: The Misses Alice Morse, Julia Barker, Frances Smith and Janet Lester. The other young women delegates to the convention from Worcester are, left to right: The Misses Mary Statten, Irene Hunkley, Mary A. Murphy and Mary E. McFarland.

Noted Woman Enthusiast Explains the Use It Is Planned to Make of the Schools After Hours.

Miss Mary P. Follett of Boston, Michael M. Davis, director of the Boston Dispensary, and Mrs. David Kirk of New York, on "The Social Centre," are features of the sessions of the gathering during earlier part of the last day.

LYNN SCHOOLBOYS WIN Y. M. C. A. MEET

Lowell Lads Finish Second and Boston in Third Place.

The annual Y. M. C. A. meet for school boys was held on Saturday. Lowell finished second and Boston finished in third place. The annual Y. M. C. A. meet for school boys was held on Saturday. Lowell finished second and Boston finished in third place.

CORNELL SWIMMERS LOSE

Fluke Gives Williams a Victory By 29 to 24 Score.

The Cornell swimmers lost to Williams in a swimming race. Fluke gave Williams a victory by a score of 29 to 24. The Cornell swimmers lost to Williams in a swimming race. Fluke gave Williams a victory by a score of 29 to 24.

VICTORY FOR WILLIAMS

Brown Five in Short End of 26 to 23 Score

Williams won a basketball game against Brown by a score of 26 to 23. Brown had five players in the short end. Williams won a basketball game against Brown by a score of 26 to 23. Brown had five players in the short end.

CLINTON GIRLS LOSE

Leonister High Wins Basketball Game, 15 to 3

The Clinton girls' basketball team lost to Leonister High School. Leonister won by a score of 15 to 3. The Clinton girls' basketball team lost to Leonister High School. Leonister won by a score of 15 to 3.

TWO RECORDS BROKEN

Two records were broken in a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. Two records were broken in a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

EL CAPTAIN FAVORS NEW FOOTBALL RULES

Spalding Declares That They
Will Make Big Improve-
ment in the Game.

New Haven, Feb. 17.—(Special) Elmer Spalding of the Yale football team tonight declared that the new football rules will make a big improvement in the game. He said that the new rules will make the game safer and more interesting. Elmer Spalding of the Yale football team tonight declared that the new football rules will make a big improvement in the game.

BALDWIN IN FORM AGAIN

Says He'll Give Brown a Tough
Match Thursday Night.

New York, Feb. 17.—(Special) Joe Brown considers me a winning stone. I've been in the ring for a long time and I know what I'm doing. I'll give Brown a tough match Thursday night. Joe Brown considers me a winning stone. I've been in the ring for a long time and I know what I'm doing. I'll give Brown a tough match Thursday night.

CRACKS IN QUINCY MEET

Many Noted Runners to Race in
Special Club Relay.

The annual Quincy meet for school boys was held on Saturday. Many noted runners will race in a special club relay. The annual Quincy meet for school boys was held on Saturday. Many noted runners will race in a special club relay.

No-Rim-Cut Tires

(10 Per Cent Oversize)
Upkeep Reduced
\$20 Per Tire

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires are rim-cut. Experience proves that 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage. Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires are the answer. They average more than 10 per cent oversize, measured by air capacity. This double saving, after years of experience, is estimated by us at \$20 per tire. That means average saving. It is affected, of course, by misuse and abuse. It varies with different sizes. Whether more or less, it means millions of dollars to motorists each year.

900,000 Tested Out

Over 900,000 of these tires have been tested out. Their enormous popularity is settled now beyond any possible question. In two years the demand has multiplied six times over. Last year's sales exceeded the previous 12 years put together. For this year, 1917, leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires.

Same Price

The custom for that No-Rim-Cut tires now cost the same as any standard tire. They used to cost more. And you get them, regardless of the price, in the ordinary way, just as on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our Patent Tire

We control by patents the only No-Rim-Cut tire. Our new tire book based on 13 years of experience is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOOD YEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without
Double-Thickness Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio
Boston Branch, 669 Boylston Street

SHIRLEY BOYD
903 BOYLSTON STREET
Telephone 347 3910

On Again-Cons Again-DRORIAN
AVOIDS ANNOYANCE OF ROAD TIRE REPAIRS
The Only Simple, Quick and Efficient Remedy
Just Loose FOUR Nuts
—Off With the Damaged Tire
—On With the Spare Tire
—Tighten the Four Nuts

CLINTON GIRLS LOSE
Leonister High Wins Basketball Game, 15 to 3

TWO RECORDS BROKEN
Two records were broken in a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite. Two records were broken in a track meet for school boys, was held on Saturday. Hundreds of entries were received. Exeter was the favorite.

1870

Furnished Rooms to Let.

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$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$

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Apartments to Let.

Apartments to Let.

Real Estate for Sale.

Real Estate for Sale.

Real Estate for Sale.

Real Estate for Sale.

Real Estate for Sale.

COREY HILL
APARTMENTS138 COMMONWEALTH AV.
One and two bedrooms.
Bath, kitchen, and
living room.
Call for particulars.

111 PROPOUGH HALL

ONE ALEXANDER PLACE

BACK BAY STUDIOS

One and two bedrooms.
Bath, kitchen, and
living room.
Call for particulars.

One Month Free Rent.

MAY 1, 1912

30 ALDEN ROAD

BAY VIEW STUDIOS

SOMERVILLE

SOMERVILLE

SOMERVILLE

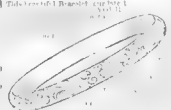
This Hall, by O'Sullivan

WILLIAMSON'S BUILDERS

Houses to Let and Wanted.

Stores and Offices to Let.

PART OF OFFICE FOR RENT.

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry.
14-K GOLD FINISHED
BRACELET ENG. Free

Nathan & Hurst Co.

DIAMONDS

NATHAN & HURST CO.

MEXICAN RING FREE



Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

Peoples Credit Co.

SOLD A WEEK.

COLLATERAL LOAN TICKETS

ROY

Razor Blades Shaped

WILL GIVE YOU A RAZOR

BOSTON PLUMBING
and Lighting Supply Co.

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COME TO FLORIDA

Florida is the place to live.

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Florida is the place to live.

Florida is the place to live.

\$3.950

West Roxbury

YOUR HOME

BURLINGTON

BRATTLE & KNOLLS

WOLLASTON

FRANK A. RUSSELL

Ward 27, Boston 11, 1911

REVEREND B. M. H.

GET WISE! GET WISE!

NORMAN H. COOK

Burlington, Mass.

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Burlington, Mass.

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FORTUNES IN FRUIT

You Can Make
\$3,000 to \$5,000

The Isle of Pines

Flowers, Fruits and Sunshine

Write or Call
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ISLE OF PINES CO.

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Mail
Above
Coupon
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A BUNGALOW FOR NINE

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The Most Extravagant Beauty in Paris

It's Monna Delza, who
Burnishes Her Nose
with Powdered Pearls,
Bathes Her Hair in Cham-
pagne, Won't Sleep in a
Bed Unless a Queen has
Slept in it, and Thinks
She's Going to be the
Empress of Russia
One Hundred
Years from Now!



MONNA DELZA IN HER BEDROOM BESIDE HER BED WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO MARIE ANTOINETTE

Paris, February 10.
THERE is no longer any question that Monna Delza, actress and the most extravagant beauty in Paris, actually believes it is her destiny, reincarnated a hundred years hence, to be Empress of Russia. All the acts in her private life of the stage are consistent with this theory. The costly care and adornment she lavishes upon her exquisite body are not because of the feminine vanity of Monna Delza, actress, but because she believes that body is the earthly trinement of the soul of Marie Antoinette, which the French Revolution and the guillotine robbed, for a space, of its royal state.

In order to restore this worthless of royal souls to the greatest of thrones—now and for the future undoubtedly the Russian throne—its present incarnation must exist, as nearly as possible, on the plane occupied by the Marie Antoinette of the royal shepherdess, Petit Trianon, period shown in the paintings of Watteau. Otherwise, according to the well-known principle of reincarnation, restoration of her queenly state would be indefinitely postponed.

Fortunately for Monna Delza, just as Paris was opening its mouth for roars of Rabulicalian laughter over these royal reincarnation pretensions of one of its stage beauties, along came a real, living King—Alfonso of Spain—with evidences of respectful adoration that could have but one interpretation—his Majesty's recognition of the beauty's royal soul. Indeed, it is declared that upon one occasion, publicly, in Monna Delza's presence, Alfonso referred to her in royal phraseology as:

"Our much admired cousin, Marie."

Right here, also, should be removed the quite general impression that Alfonso showed his valuable attentions upon Monna Delza only after King Manuel of Portugal had "cut him out" with Gaby Deslys. While it is true that Manuel first met Gaby through Alfonso's introduction, the latter monarch was already at "The Delza's" feet, and was more than willing to retire gracefully from Gaby's retinue.

From this time on the noble, the rich and the idle male representatives of Paris' pleasure-loving society showed no disposition to laugh at Monna Delza's pretensions to queenship. They constituted themselves her regular court favorites, becoming a distinguished, rich and generous group of courtiers, vying with each other for precedence at her morning "levees," at which, propped up on her royal couch in satin and lace negligee, receiving



MONNA DELZA IN AN IMPERIAL EXPENSIVE DRESS.

MONNA DELZA IN THE ROBES OF PEARLS WHICH MADE MRS. GEORGE GOULD ENVOUS.

her chocolate, her rolls, her hand mirror or her gold pencil and ivory tablets from the most watchful of her adoring courtiers, she quite sufficiently lived up to historical royal bed-chamber receptions.

All this will explain, and perhaps to many justify, the extraordinary extravagance that has marked the career of Monna Delza since her discovery by King Alfonso provided her with "subjects" rich enough to dispose of the matter of ways and means.

Of course, her profession (the stage) is not a royal employment when

"My Experiences with a Society Suffragette"

The Intimate Anecdotes of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's ex-First Aidess, Who Quit Because She Couldn't Approve of Fashion, Food, Beauty and "Votes for Women" as Team Workers

EVER since the Political Equality League started Miss Mary Donnelly has been one of its active managers. The P. E. L. is the central organization of the American militant suffragettes. It's headquarters are in New York and it is controlled by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. Miss Donnelly is now no longer Mrs. Belmont's first aidess. Here she tells why:

By Miss MARY DONNELLY

I HAVE left Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's combined suffragette, restaurant and beauty parlor because I cannot work out the exact relations between women's rights and corn plaster; political equality and hair tonics, and because, while I realize that a restaurant, where a working girl and a working man can receive excellent food at reasonable rates, is a good thing to color a mind toward suffrage, I am perfectly sure that the combination of society, suffrage, food and hygiene is terribly indigestible for our cause.

There are lots of women just as important to our cause as Mrs. Belmont, who object to this pot-pourri of industries. It is a fact that Miss Inez Millholland, the prettiest suffragette in America, has tried to act as a balance wheel. As for me, I am for suffrage for women, and only suffrage, and I do not believe that society methods, bow-to-beautiful ideas, or pink pills can bring about votes for women. That is why I have cut away from my position as first aidess to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the leader of the Political Equality League, as it now stands.

I am going to give you a part of the inside story of my experiences at society suffragettes.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay founded the Equal Franchise Society for the rich. Mrs. Belmont founded the Political Equality League for the working poor. She spent thousands of dollars on branch clubs. She provided free gymnasiums, free dancing lessons, free books. Hundreds of girls, and many men, joined under her banner. Every few weeks she arranged entertainments for her club of over 1,000.

A year ago, in September, she opened a clubhouse and lunch room in Thirty-fourth street, a new gathering place for the Fourteenth Assembly District. All sorts of working people came to eat. Artists, writers, doctors, bankers. This enterprise was a financial and suffrage success. There is, and always will be, a close connection between suffrage and food.

In the evenings the young women of the district met there, and, naturally, the men followed. They talked suffrage and "Down with men," and danced the Boston dip and two-step. Those were happy days for suffrage! But they are all over now, and the songs of the suffragettes have given way to the songs of the Beauty Barkers. It is soap, not votes for women, it is down with corns, not with men, to-day.

Mrs. Belmont, at heart, means well. Whatever she does is for the good of the cause. But in her recent experience that she is using bad judgment, is the opinion of the majority of the prominent women associated with her. Of course, the Political Equality League is a women's organization. It is Mrs. Belmont's club, supported by her money. Consequently a barker, she says, goes. In Mrs. Mackay's club there is a Board of Governors. Mrs. Belmont has this branch free to work out her own projects. Many of them have succeeded admirably.

"And Mrs. Belmont's high-priced butler had to put on a waiter's apron and serve 25-cent meals."

Last September, just when great success was smiling on the Thirty-fourth street lunch room, Mrs. Belmont abandoned it and opened the new headquarters on East Forty-first street. She had spent thousands of dollars in transforming the original building. When all was ready she told the members of the Thirty-fourth street branch that they must move on to the new headquarters. They moved. And what did they find?

Instead of the old snugly appointed room there were formal talks in hygiene and how to be pretty, though plain. Instead of cozy sitting rooms and reading tables, there were soap counters and shelves filled with pills and dandruff cures.

Mrs. Belmont sent forth circulars into New Jersey, Connecticut and up the State, advertising her hygiene department, and suffrage became subservient to hygiene.

Well, at first the new idea worked well. Soap, skin foods, hair tonics and corn plaster sold like hot cakes. Women came in from the country expecting to get free dental treatment and free doctor's attendance! They thought hygiene covered everything.

A few weeks ago the business dropped off. The demand was for food, not soap and pills.

Mrs. Belmont is a good business woman. She manages the big estate left by her husband, and takes charge of her own little empire. She is very busy to get business, she must go after it, and so she established her Beauty Barkers, and this is the move which conservative suffragettes deplore as undignified.

Of course, the pills and hair tonic are not sold on the same counter as the pies and sauerkraut. The dedicated restaurant is on the ground floor.

You go in the street door and turn to the right. You stop at the desk in the office (it used to be my desk), and say in advance for what you want. Then you go into the restaurant and help yourself. At least you do if you can escape Mrs. Belmont and her beauty barkers. Right at the door to the dining room singing the songs I have mentioned at the beginning of my tale.

The hygiene department is over the restaurant. There is one street door. Customers who want the perfectly delicious food served there, enter and turn to the right, where I had my office. There were always several chairs here, and customers would stop and talk suffrage on their way in. This was all changed a few weeks ago.

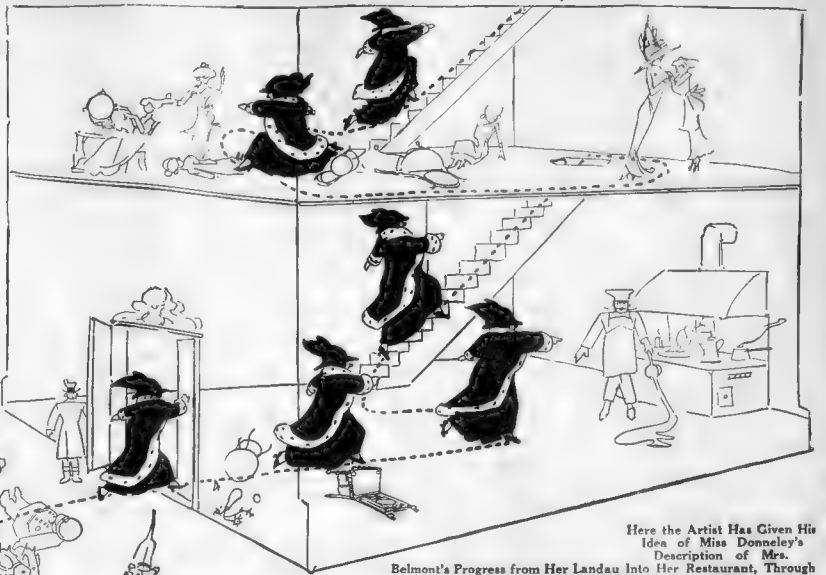
Mrs. Belmont stationed her barkers at the door, and as soon as a woman entered she was greeted with:

"Have you tried our hair tonics and pink pills?"

If a man entered, another barker would sing out:

"Won't you try our corn plaster and dandruff cure?"

Now, I ask you, was this the way to advance our cause? Mrs. Belmont's cause? Was this the way to convert men to our standard? Mrs. Belmont's contention is that as she loses money on the restaurant, she must make good on the hygiene department.



Here the Artist Has Given His Idea of Miss Donnelly's Description of Mrs. Belmont's Progress from Her Landau into Her Restaurant, Through Her Kitchen Up to Her Hygiene Department and to Her Private Beauty Parlor.

that Mrs. Belmont works hard enough to succeed. Every morning she arrives at the headquarters at 10 o'clock. Her footman hops down from the box, opens the door of the limousine and stands at attention until she enters the building. Then he drops his grand manner and assists in to help. His mistress is already hard at it by that time. First she rushes into the restaurant, overlooks the setting of the tables, helps fill salt cellars, dusts the chairs and inspects the kitchens. And she knows just how things should be.

She won't have any low talking, or any noise. One day she objected to the waitresses calling out: "Beans and—for you!" "Merry me!" she exclaimed, "this is no hash house. You must walk slowly, but gracefully to the left and gently say 'Beans and beans for two, please.'"

One day the waitresses struck. It seems hard to keep help at the headquarters—and Mrs. Belmont ordered her butler down to help. He is awfully English and grand, and he did look funny in a big white apron over his handsome livery. But this did not help our cause! It turned him, a voter, against it.

The next day there were no dishwashers, and she ordered her footman in to help to clear up. "Here, take my apron and wash those plates," she said. But the refused, and she fired him. And turned him against us, too! Next day his mother came around and remonstrated. "Why, my son never had to wait on the table even at his own home!" she said.

But Mrs. Belmont believes that if she is willing to do things, every one else should do. After the tables are ready, she goes out and passes up the cards announcing the special. "Sauterkraut and Frankfurters 15 cents." "Pork and Beans 10 cents." "Lamb Stew 25 cents." And she is the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough. Pills and hair tonics are great social levers. Mrs. Belmont does not encourage any one to speak to her on any other subject. One day she sat in my office waiting for customers. A woman came in and said: "Is this Mrs. Belmont?" "No," she replied, "I am Mrs. Belmont's secretary." (Then a man.)

"Oh, I wanted some hair tonic," the woman said. And right there Mrs. Belmont's business instinct got the better of her exclusiveness and she said: "Come right upstairs. It's the best stuff I ever used. It keeps my hair on." And off they went like twins.

The soap and drug department is her pride. She fixes the shelves, fills the bottles and dusts everything, with her foot man to help. One day when she was perched high on the step-ladder dusting, Dr. Mrs. Walker came in. Mrs. Belmont at first thought she was a man, and was so annoyed at being caught.

Then there was the farm. It is all broken up. That farm had been on the market for four years. When the public read about the farmsteads, it got busy buying, and to-day the last acre has been sold.

When the farmsteads went to Brook but they signed an agreement to stay two years. This was last March. In September Mrs. Belmont sent them all away. They could not pack their trunks. Mrs. Belmont kindly sent her Turkish servant to pack for them. Sellen is a full blooded Turk. He wears the Turkish costume, tunic, turban and trousers. Oh, it was funny to see him buried under billows of lace and fluff frock!

Sellen did not like the job. He is used to forming part of the decorations of the reception hall at Brookholt, Manor House and not to working.

With all its drawbacks, the farm was better for suffrage than the Department of Hygiene! One could draw in deep breaths of ozone without getting any corn plaster, pills and corn plaster odors all mixed together.

Waste That Can Be Turned to Money

THREE hundred million eggs are thrown away in this country every year, according to the figures of the Department of Agriculture.

These represent 15 per cent of all the eggs produced in the United States.

It is the same way with other kinds of fruit. One solution of the problem suggested is that small communities should establish cooperative plants for the conversion of waste into jam and jam stock. But to do this, of course, demands knowledge and some little capital.

As immense amounts of garden truck goes to waste which might be put up by simple canning out-fits, using factory equipment. Study of this particular problem has been given to the North Carolina and many other States by the State Boards of Agriculture.

Many vegetable and other canneries have of late years during their plant modernization been able to utilize the equipment of utilizing the equipment of such canneries.

A Table Set in the League Restaurant—"Votes for Women" on Every Plate.

States—the total money loss by this particular waste being not less than \$45,000,000 annually. Nearly all of the loss is due to improper methods of handling eggs on the farm and at the rural store, and every penny of it comes out of the farmer's pocket.

This is only one of many food wastes. There are many parts of this country where actually it does not pay to harvest apples. It is cheaper to let them rot than to pay for labor to pick them and barrels to hold them, the price the farmer can get for them being so low. Yet apples of the same kind are selling in our markets at prices so high that only well-to-do people can afford to buy them.

year for putting up meat and delicatessen with "canned dishes" from inexpensive materials. This has already proved very profitable.

There are many parts of this country where actually it does not pay to harvest apples. It is cheaper to let them rot than to pay for labor to pick them and barrels to hold them, the price the farmer can get for them being so low. Yet apples of the same kind are selling in our markets at prices so high that only well-to-do people can afford to buy them.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont at Her Desk in Her Political Equality League.

The New Straw Hats

The Straw Bandeaux That Make You Look Like Bacchantes, the Baby Bonnets for Grown-Ups

LADY DUFF GORDON, the famous "Lucile" designer, and the most creator of fashions in the world, writes each week a news and best in styles for well-dressed women. Lady Duff-Gordon's new Paris establishment hangs her into the thick with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishment is at No. 17 West Thirty-sixth street, New York City.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

Just a peep at the new straw hats. Many of them are very lovely. They are the specialty of our season. Lady Duff-Gordon has brought out the same shape in various sorts of white lace and in gold and silver chintilly. The hat is a very light, the brim rolling over and over against the crown at the right side. Into the tube thus formed is thrust the end of one superb ostrich plume. Just to give you variety, I show you this new Spring model of these white straw hats with Hungarian embroidery. The border is very effectively veiled with the thin, white crepe fabric; the short white lace falling over a tulle of the bordered material. The longer tulle on the skirt also veils the colored border.

The New Gold Lace Floppy Hat with the Single Plume.



The Bebe Bonnet, the Child's Hat Made Over for Grown-Ups.

In the creations of some of the leading Parisian modistes, though please understand that this is not going to influence my own designs on dresses in the least, as I always strive and dare to be distinctive. There seems to be rather a lack of confidence in the strictly tailor made costume, and a tendency to regard it with what I can best describe as the "half-tailor" or "dress-maker's tailor" creation. Myself, I always think that the tailored coat and skirt cannot be too simple in its general scheme and effect, though it is always easy to give it some feminine and prevailing touch, and some telling color contrast, which shall be unexpectedly, and therefore all the more delightfully, revealed by means of the, or lining or half-fur, when the straight and outwardly closed and little coat is thrown open, the reverse part, which is always given off in further scope for dainty details.

A New Spring Model of Sheer White Crepe, with Bulgarian Trimmings.

Memorial Monument of Perry's Great Victory



Commodore Perry Changing Ships in the Battle of Lake Erie.

Perry Memorial Monument to Be Erected on South Bass Island, Lake Erie. The Shaft Will Be Used as a Lighthouse.

How the Huge Shaft to Be Erected Will Be Used to Protect the Living and Honor the Dead at the Same Time

THE design for the Perry Memorial, which is to be erected on South Bass Island, Lake Erie, has been selected by the National Fine Arts Commission as the result of a competition under the auspices of the Interstate Board of the Perry's Victory Centennial Commission.

This memorial is unique in several respects. In the first place it is intended to celebrate a victory of peace as well as a triumph of war. While it is erected primarily in honor of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of the Battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812 and the author of the historic "We have met the enemy and they are ours," it is also intended to commemorate the 100 years of peace between England and the United States which followed that battle and the cementing of their friendship by the arbitration treaty entered into between them.

Then again, besides serving as a monument to the dead, this memorial is to do duty as a light-

house to protect the living. It is to be erected on the narrow isthmus which divides South Bass Island in two parts, and at the top of the shaft, which is three hundred and twenty feet high and is the principal feature of the memorial, is to be maintained a light of the first order, as navigators call it, to warn mariners on either side of the island of their exact bearings.

In addition to the shaft, there is to be a museum, a colonnade and a statue typifying peace.

Z. H. Freedlander and A. D. Seymour, Jr., of New York, who collaborated in the competition, were the architects whose design was chosen out of a field of eighty-one competitors, comprising the leading architects of the country, who were invited to participate in the contest.

An appropriation of \$700,000 for building the memorial was made by the United States Government and the Legislatures of various States of the Union.

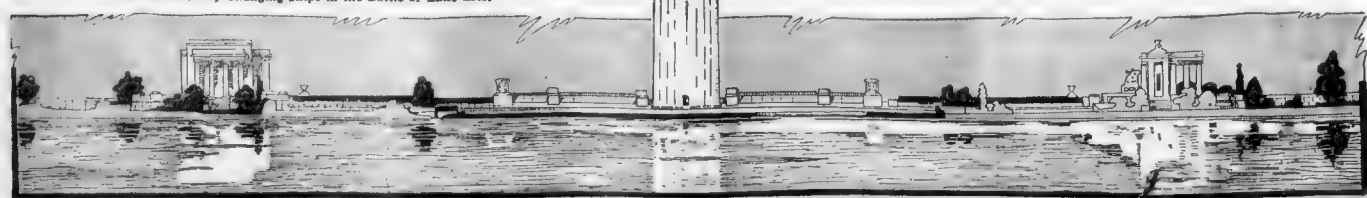
The memorial is to be completed in the Summer of 1913, at which time the celebration will take place.

The accepted design consists of a large plaza a thousand feet two hundred feet, on which is placed the shaft in the form of a Doric column. The great light at the top will illuminate the adjacent waters for miles around. A canal is to be cut through the isthmus upon which the memorial is to be erected to facilitate the work of the life-saving corps stationed on the island.

The museum and colonnade are placed on a terrace at a slightly higher level than the main terrace, so that the shaft may be enhanced and the buildings set off to greater advantage. The museum is placed on the left and will be utilized for the preservation of historic relics pertaining particularly to the War of 1812.

Large panels have been reserved for mural decorations portraying the many inspiring incidents of the Battle of Lake Erie which was fought out about eight miles from the site of the memorial.

The grounds about the memorial are to be laid out in landscape gardening in harmony with the general scheme.



Delightful Ways of Making Hash.

No. 21 of "The Fine Art of French Cooking" Series

By A. ESCOFFIER, the Greatest Living French Chef

THE second step in good economical French cooking is to know how to prepare an appetizing beef hash. I have already described the first step, which is the preparation of boiled beef and the soup made from it. I now give the best ways of cooking beef hash. Hash should not be regarded as a careless makeshift, but as fine as one as any on the list of the simpler family dishes:

Beef Hash au Gratin.

PUT in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter or lard and an onion chopped fine. As soon as the onion begins to take on a brown color add a small tablespoonful of flour. Let it brown for several seconds and add the boiled beef, which you have cut in small squares. Season with salt and pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Add a little parsley chopped fine and several tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce. Let it simmer for a few minutes and then pour the whole in a gratin dish. Scatter the surface with bread crumbs, and moisten with melted butter and let it cook in the oven until it takes a crisp brown surface—which is called a "gratin" in French.

You may make this recipe more economical by arranging around the dish a circle of potato purée. Then put the hash in the middle and cook them together until they take the "gratin."

Beef Hash with Tomato Sauce.

PUT in a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of butter or lard and an onion of good size chopped fine. As soon as the onion begins to take on a brown color add raw potatoes, cut in small squares, allowing the same volume of potatoes and beef. Cover the saucepan and let the potatoes cook very gently.

As they are cut fine their cooking requires very little time. When they are nicely cooked season with salt and pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Add the boiled beef chopped up and a little parsley. Let the beef get quite hot, stirring it carefully so that it is well mixed with the potatoes. When the whole is very hot add some good tomato sauce in sufficient quantity to obtain a nicely moistened hash. Let it simmer for a few minutes and serve very hot.

Croquettes of Beef Menagère.

PUT in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter and an onion chopped up fine. As soon as the onion begins to take a good color add the chopped boiled beef and a little salt and pepper, some grated nutmeg and a little finely chopped parsley. Let it get hot, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon. When the whole is quite hot add nearly the same volume of potatoes cooked in water, which you have taken care to drain well and to mash. Mix this quickly with the beef; then add two eggs beaten up. Mix the whole well, pour on a plate and let it cool. Take a plunk, such as is commonly used in kitchens, sprinkle this with flour, then place on it the hash, which you have divided into little heaps, each about the size of an egg. Roll these little heaps in flour, then flatten them all gently with the flat of a knife.

Cook these little heaps in a frying pan in butter or lard. When they have taken on a rich brown color on one side turn them over until they have taken the same color on the other side. Serve these croquettes very hot, and accompany them with a sauce piquante, or a good tomato sauce. You may also vary the preparation of these croquettes by replacing the potatoes by an equal quantity of sausage meat. In this case you follow exactly the same methods and finish with the same sauce.

You may also make a cake of the hash. In this case you use a mould, which you butter in the interior, taking care to scatter a little bread crumbs in it. Then pour the hash into the mould and put it in a very slow oven. The cooking requires from 30 to 40 minutes. When ready to serve turn out the cake and put it on a dish, and then serve it with a good tomato sauce.

You may also serve beef hash accompanied by fried or poached eggs.

Stuffed Tomatoes with Boiled Beef Hash.

WHEN you have boiled the beef chop it very fine, then mix it with an equal quantity of potatoes cooked in water, drained and mashed, or you may mix the beef with an equal quantity of sausage meat.

Cut the tomatoes in two, remove the seeds, then fill them up with the hash. Place them in a gratin dish, which was previously buttered and oiled. Scatter the surface of the tomatoes with small bread crumbs, then moisten them with olive oil or butter. Put the dish in a moderate oven for 30 to 35 minutes and serve very hot in the gratin dish.

Tomatoes With Pineapple—NOVELTY NOTE

HAVING taken the hearts of the tomatoes, season them internally with a very little salt, pepper, oil and vinegar, garnish them with pineapple cut in small squares and sprinkled with a little lemon juice. Season with fresh cream mixed with a pinch of salt and lemon juice. You may add to the pineapple some rice cooked in water.

How to Drop Thirty Years

THIS is the seventh of a series of practical lessons on health and grace especially prepared for this newspaper by Miss F. Christian Miller, P. C. T., the famous English health expert.

IF a woman will stop tight lacing she will look ten years younger. If she will reduce her redundant weight she will drop ten years more from her apparent age. If she will cultivate cheerfulness she will diminish her age by ten years more.

Middle age will do no terror for a woman if she will do all these, for she will be doing what the most famous opera monarch, King Louis, did for his subjects, born herself of thirty years.

When I see a woman look tired I want to cry in her ear startlingly: "Look! I beg of you; you are looking old."

Why lines are cleft from her nostrils to the corners of her mouth and there are lines beneath her eyes and the eye has receded into her

head. Pale or shadowy half circles under her dullness. Her skin is pale and has a cracked look. You think, intense you know the real reason, that Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith is growing old. The truth is that she is adding to her apparent age by defeating nature. Nature has created that she should have plenty of room for breathing. Her tight corsets have shut off the supply. The system of deep breathing I represent is not the Hindoo plan of counting a certain number while inhaling, a certain number while holding in the breath and the same number while exhaling. I inhale deeply through the nostrils as much air as the lungs seem capable of holding, then open my mouth and slowly expel it. The reason for this is that the air now more carbonic acid gas, pours out of the body, the mouth appears being larger than that of the nose. This method I merely advise

for the deepest breathing, which should be done whenever opportunity offers, and that should be many times a day. But for ordinary breathing the nose serves the purpose for exhaling as well as inhaling.

No betraying signs of age are in the hands and the back. I judge a woman's age almost wholly by these. They are far more reliable tokens of the years that one has lived than the face.

The skin of the older woman's hand becomes of coarser texture. The veins become swollen. The nails are pale and inclined to form ridges. These appearances can be banished by intelligence and perseverance. The aging hands need exercise. Squeezing a cork hard in the palms sets the blood rushing through the muscles and permeating the skin it has long neglected. If the hands are not available, squeeze corks are not available, squeeze a handful of grasses in the palms as runners do. They always clench their hands upon something hard, that offers resistance. The hands should be bathed often in an emollient. In England we use a hand

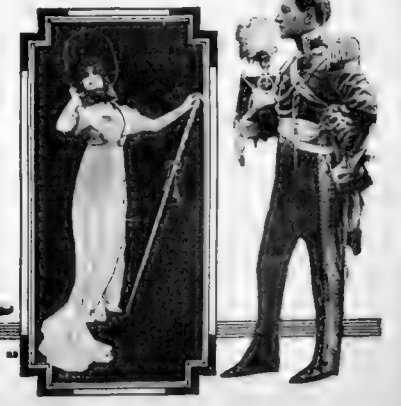
bath of equal parts of honey and glycerine. I have nothing better in this country.

The aged back is not necessarily a stooping one. We often see a girl of twenty with bent shoulders. Yet the old back gives the effect of drooping. Its lines are tired. Often the weight is shifted from one side to the other. It is a weak back, without self reliance. The back can be made youthful by cultivation, and may be cultivated by culture of an other part of the body, the abdominal muscles. Train these flat, delicate muscles that lie across the abdomen, by exercise and contract them, as I have described in previous articles, and the back will follow its excellent example and become straight and self-reliant.

Keep your mind alert by interest in new ideas. Clear your complexion by going out of doors every day, twice a day if you can. Keep the acid look away from your eyes by lavage them every morning when you rise in cold water. This is the best and safest way to brighten the eyes.

Miss. Yane in her costume of the King of Rome.

Miss. Faber, the actress, as a Prince Radziwill as Prince Lady of Napoleon's Court. Poniatowski.



WHY WAS DOROTHY DEACON LEFT OUT?

The Answer Is a Lesson for American Girls Who Marry Titles and Expect to Be Included in Their Husbands' Invitations to Lively Paris Balls

Paris, Feb. 10.

ONE of the hardest tasks set for American women, especially those who become wives of Europeans, is to adjust their American point of view to harmonize with Continental customs.

Fresh evidence of this is seen in the case of the present, perhaps only temporary, estrangement between Prince Radziwill and his wife, who was Miss Dorothy Deacon, the celebrated American society girl.

The devoted coolness of her attitude toward her husband—which dates from the night of St. Marcel Fouquier's costume ball at the Hotel Meurice—is the gossip of Paris society.

American women who have not lived in Europe will be astonished to learn that the following scene occurred when the American Princess Radziwill invited her husband to banquet

the costume in which she would appear at that fashionable but lively affair.

"But you are not going to M. Fouquier's ball," said the Prince, with the customary deference of an European husband.

"Indeed! And pray, why not?"

"Because you are not invited."

"But you are invited—and I am your wife!"

"Ah!" the Prince exclaimed, "I see that you have not yet escaped from the American point of view. It is now the

Continental viewpoint that applies. Accord- ingly, upon this occasion, I may not be accompanied by my wife."

It was called a Directoire-Empire ball. All the guests were required to come in costume of the Directoire and Empire periods, which began with the ending of the Reign of Terror and ended with the close of Napoleon's brief reign.

The guests included men and women of the theatrical, literary and artistic circles of Paris. They were gorgeously costumed, it represented the leading officers of Napoleon's army, the other famous men and women of the time, the dandies, the muscadins, the incroyables, and so forth.

A most conspicuous guest was the handsome young Prince Antoine Albert Radziwill, who came in the splendid costume of one of his relatives of the Napoleonic era, Prince Poniatowski, Colonel of Polish Lancers and subsequently general of cavalry in Napoleon's army.

Miss. Yane, the charming little actress, was generally considered the most winning figure at the ball. She came as the young King of Rome, the only son of Napoleon.

Her costume gave a splendid opportunity for the display of as graceful a pair of slender limbs as one could desire to see.

Another interesting figure was the Count de la Motte, who came as the dashing Prince Murat, who was made King of Naples by Napoleon.

The fun was unrestrained at the ball. The guests danced and flirted with Napoleonic and revolutionary ardor. Champagne flowed in rivers.

There was some doubt whether Prince Poniatowski (represented by Prince Radziwill) or Prince Murat (N. de la Motte) was the more devoted to the King of Rome (Miss. Yane).

Two pretty actresses fought a duel that nearly broke up the ball. Planned in fun, it became serious.

And it is whispered that a most interesting witness of that encounter was none other than Dorothy Deacon—masked, and present without her husband's knowledge and in defiance of his prohibition!

Prince Albert Antoine Radziwill behaved like a hero of romance when he courted Miss Dorothy Deacon. But now there is a decided coolness between them—all because his point of view is Continental and hers still American!

Count de Montmorency as Prince Murat.

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the Most
Famous Living Beauty.

By Mme. Lina Cavalieri

An Ingenious

AT Whitby, in Yorkshire, may be seen an ingenious device specially designed for carrying out marine work. It is nothing less than a travelling stage

The walking action is secured as follows: The outer frame has front legs lowered until the spuds or feet secure a grip upon the seabed. The legs of the inner stage are then raised to clear all obstructions when the stage is moved forward the full extent of its travel which brings it against the forward

Genious Mac

Machine That

Walks to

Its Work



**WEIGHT REDUCTION
WITHOUT
DRUGS**

**I WILL Send This Book to You at
Expense.**

**THE JOY OF LIVING IS THE HAP-
PINESS OF THE LEAN. I WAS
STOUT—AND I KNOW.**

My friends were charitable and they ca-

Not Imitation

The machine has eight legs, four of which are raised and lowered when in motion. There are two massive steel framework structures, one inside the other, the outer being square and the inner rectangular. The legs are somewhat smaller than the other. The legs comprising stout members which can be moved up and down vertically for a considerable distance through the legs of the square frame. The legs of the inner square frame are pointed at the lower end and are pointed at the lower end to secure a firm grip upon the rocky seabed.

The walking action is secured by the forward legs. The rear legs are lowered until the spud or foot secures a grip upon the seabed. The legs of the inner structure are then raised to clear all obstructions when the stage has moved forward the first stage of travel, which brings it against the forward

The Strange Steel Contrivance for Marine Work, the Legs of Which Can Make Strides of Ten Feet, and Which Is Here Shown After It Has Waded Deep Into the Sea.

Retvet

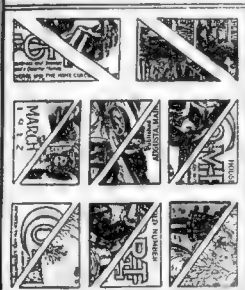
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO
and your Sunday paper



10¢
TINS

CUT IT OUT

If you will cut out this picture and fit the puzzle together correctly and mail it to us within one week, we will send you, as a prize for your skill, an elegant 1912 calendar 16½ inches long in 3 panels with heads of American beauties exquisitely lithographed in colors to decorate your home, also some beautiful Valentine, Easter, Birthday and Remembrance post cards, also delightful new stories as samples of the kind we publish. Remember, they are given to you if you send us the above picture put together correctly and enclose four cents to pay postage on your prize, and we will also send you our grand cash prize offer including 825 cash prizes if you request it.



SUNDAY AMERICAN EXAMINER PATTERNS

AN ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR THE YOUNG MISS—EASILY MADE AT HOME. PRICE 10 CENTS

When Sending for Patterns, Please Be Sure to Fill In Coupon with Your Name and Address.

NO. 9116—GIRL'S DRESS, WITH SHIELD.

PLAI D—colored in pretty green and brown tones, was used for this model. The waist fronts are slightly crossed in surplice style and finished with broad revers, that form a wide collar over the back. The waist is arranged over a separate shield.

The pattern is cut in four sizes—8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 yards of 36 inch material for the 8 year size.

To obtain this desirable pattern, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail it, with 10 cents in silver or stamps, to

SUNDAY PATTERNS,
Post Office Box 269, New York City.

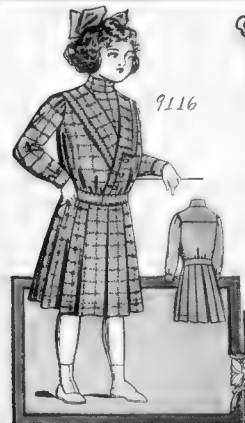
SUNDAY AMERICAN-EXAMINER PATTERNS.
NO. 9116—GIRL'S DRESS, WITH SHIELD.

Size Years

Name

Street and Number

City and State



It Takes Less Capital to Start Than Any Other Form of Merchandising.

Think of the millions of dollars that are being made by successful mail order houses! Each one of these enormous businesses was started in a small way. The initial expense is limited to advertising, printing and postage. In a small mail order business you don't have to carry expensive stocks, with rent, insurance, and employees to take care of. Make your sales first. Then buy your stock for cash and fill your orders. Have you a formula or recipe that could be used by 2,000,000 housekeepers? Do you know of a novelty that would appeal to 2,000,000 men? Ten dollars will secure a five-line advertisement in

Delivered in 2,000,000 American homes.

The National Market Place is the classified advertising feature on page 11 of the Sunday Magazine Section of the New York Sunday American, Boston Sunday American, Chicago Sunday Examiner, San Francisco Sunday Examiner and Los Angeles Sunday Examiner. Combined circulation each issue over 2,000,000 copies. The rate is \$2 per line. No copy taken for less than two lines or more than 10 lines. (Words average seven to a line) Forms close ten days in advance of publication. Cash must accompany all orders. Use this blank for convenience:

23 East 26th St., New York City,
or Hearst Building, Chicago, Ill.

Sir:—Attached is copy for line advertisement in the National Market Place and remittance of \$ to cover cost of same.

Name

Address

City and State

BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

There is a chance for brother to enjoy these lovely interesting games without frequenting a public room. Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. Points calling for the greatest dexterity can be executed with the utmost precision.

But what great games these are. How a Billiard Table for one makes and loses at which means closer home companionship. A Billiard and Pool Table is a most interesting game. The prices are \$48, \$115, \$225, \$445, \$555, \$775, on terms of \$1 or more down and a small amount each month.

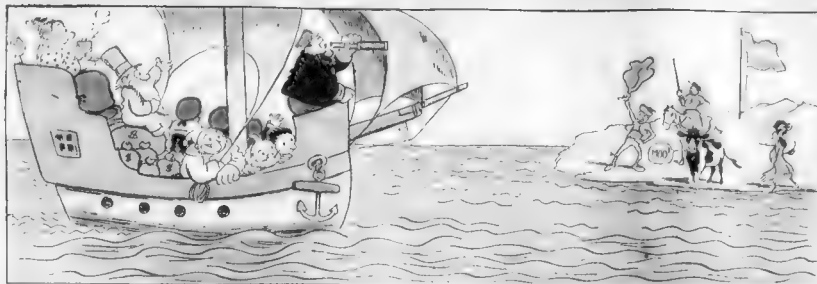
The Burrowes Cigar Box is a Billiard and Pool Table. It is a most interesting game. The prices are \$48, \$115, \$225, \$445, \$555, \$775, on terms of \$1 or more down and a small amount each month.

On mother needs much of the reason why for making home so attractive that the boys will prefer to spend their evenings there. She will make a most interesting game. The prices are \$48, \$115, \$225, \$445, \$555, \$775, on terms of \$1 or more down and a small amount each month.

Water should have an opportunity to learn how intricately fascinating Billiards and Pool are. She will find them the best of all indoor amusements and an ideal means of entertaining friends. There is nothing like a Burrowes Table to relieve the home atmosphere.

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on the receipt we will refund your deposit. This makes you a free trial. Write to day for catalog illustrating and describing the Tables. Write to day for terms of payment and all other information.

THE B. V. BURROWES CO., 500 Center St., Portland, Me.

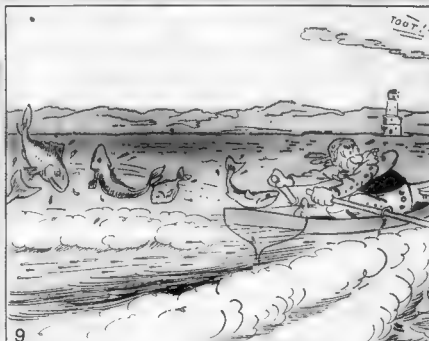
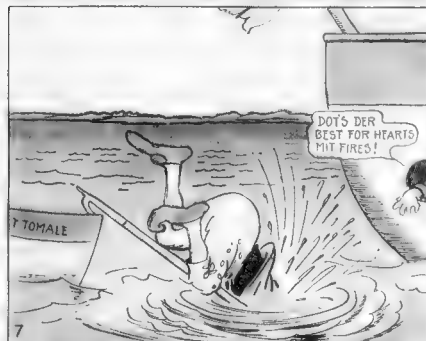
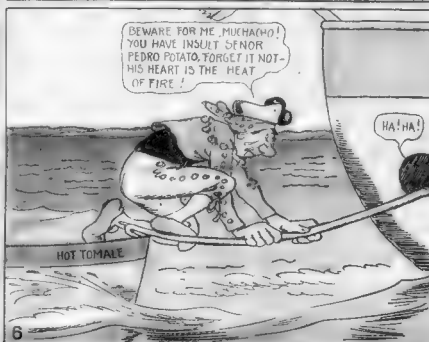
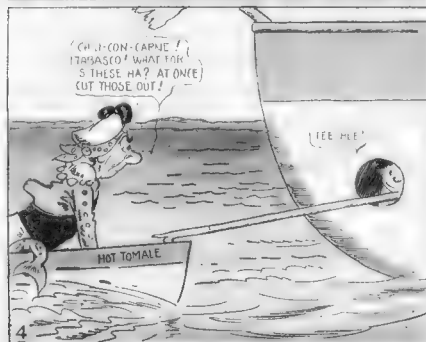


Comic Section of the Boston American. February 18th 1912.

The Katzenjammers Reach Spain. (Or Is It New Jersey?)

(Or Is It New Jersey?)

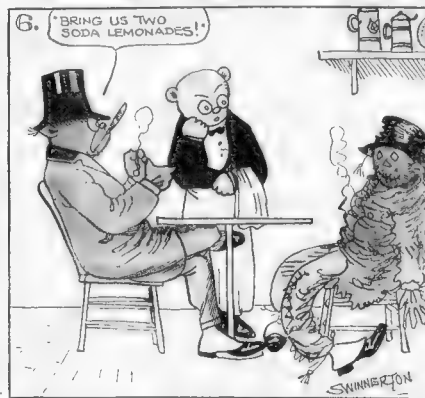
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The Lynx--He Loves--But Alas!

He's Having a Fierce Time Winning His Lady's Heart!

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Oh, Wasn't Howson Lott's a Cheerful Place!

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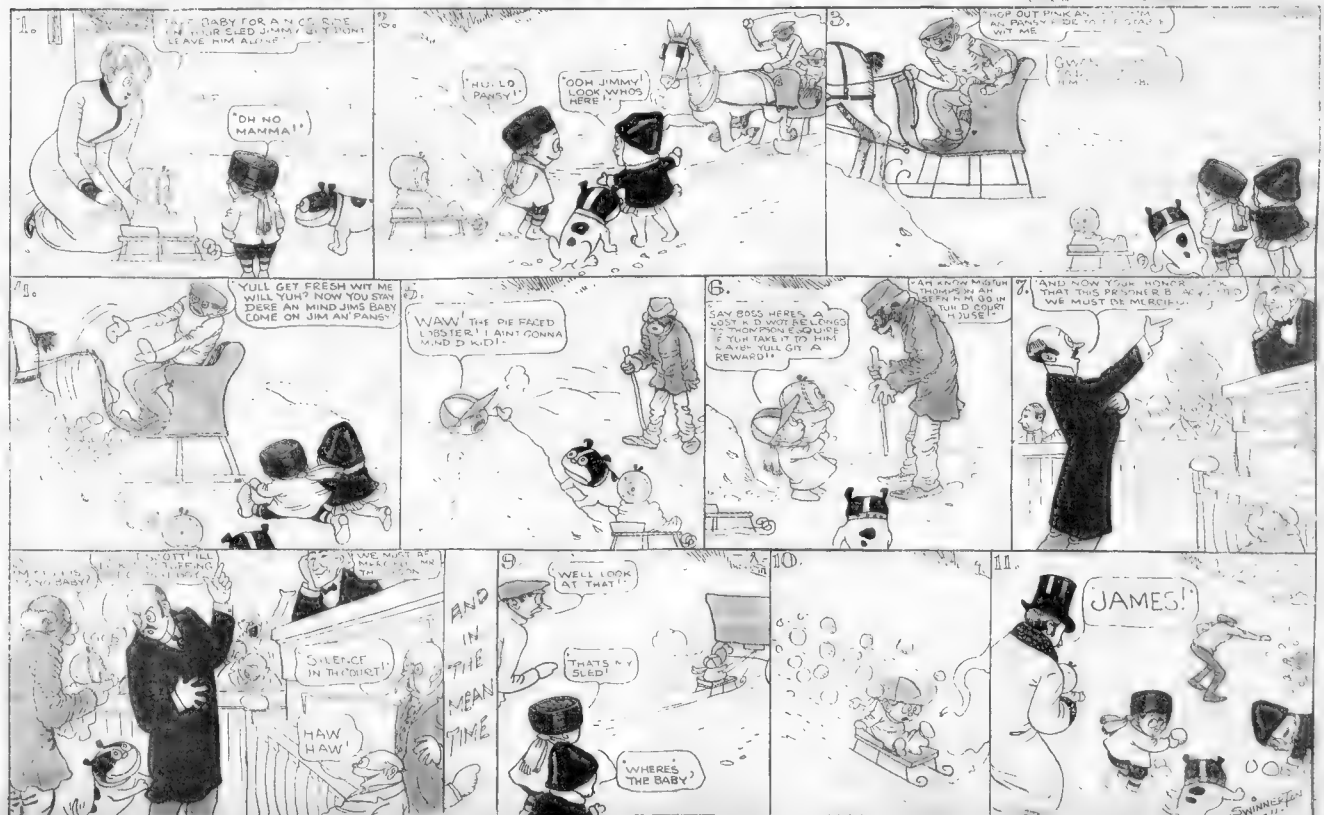
I-AM-NOT

Happy Hooligan and His Rights.

(They Don't Seem to Get Together!)



Jimmy--He Is Getting Worse!



The Boys Landed One on Foxy Grandpa—But Only One, and That One Was Soon Rewarded with Interest



3. BOYS—Ha! ha! Gran'pa sneaked! Well, he must have felt ashamed after that grand wallop!



6. GRANDPA—Hello, boys! Out for a little snowballing? Here I am at your service.

[illegible][illegible]

Brute Strength—and the Man-Ape

Study These Pictures of Fighting Power in a Great Manlike Ape. Show Them to Your Children; Make Them Realize How Little Humanity There Is in Brute Force or Brutality

Copyright, 1912, by the Sunday American-Journal-Examiner.

SHOWMAN brought to this office the actual photographs of a giant ape which we publish here.

These are exact pictures of the front and rear of a highly developed monkey which the showman calls Consul.

The owners of this monkey suggested that the monkey's picture be printed on the sporting page and contrasted side by side with prize-fighters of the day.

We prefer to use the pictures in a more important way and to give them this, the most conspicuous part in a Sunday newspaper, of which over two millions of copies are sold each Sunday.

Fathers and mothers and clergymen have in these pictures of the great monkey a text upon which they can preach most eloquently against brutality and the over-estimating of brute strength.

Each intelligent man and woman will look at these pictures, these huge muscles, and, seeing how much is half human and how much is wholly brute in them, think out individually a better editorial than we could write. Here we shall put only the thoughts, most simply expressed, that a father and mother might give to children to influence them for their good.

Look at the gigantic muscles in the arms of that huge, powerful monkey. Remember that those are the muscles that he possesses IN CAPABILITY. He is only a pigmy in power compared to the giant apes, the huge gorillas, some of them eight feet tall, that live wild in the jungles of Africa.

Take a dozen of your most powerful prize fighters, the most brutish and cruel, lock them in a room with a powerful wild ape of the biggest kind—and in a few minutes not one of the human brutes would be left alive.

They would be torn limb from limb, tossed about as a strong boy might toss little kittens.

If you took twelve of the greatest prize fighters in the world and locked them up with a full grown gorilla, and if you opened the door at the end of ten minutes, you would find everyone of the human fighters dead and the gorilla showing his teeth and looking contemptuously at the work accomplished, not at all tired, out of breath or flustered—a few minutes' easy work for him.

See those huge elbows, the powerful forearm. The giant monkey could seize a man's wrist in his right hand, put his left hand on the man's shoulder and tear the man's arm from the socket.

How little brute force amounts to!

What a childish thing for boys or for men to cultivate the fighting instinct or waste time on their muscles, except as rational development of the muscles may contribute to the general health and the supply of good blood to the brain!

Do you want to know the difference between muscle and thought? Look at the great chest, the marvelous forearm of this manlike ape; see the bones and muscles so broad. Then look at the tiny forehead, the helpless, thoughtless eyes with no speculation or power in them. When you contrast that narrow forehead and those broad arms with the broad, high forehead and the comparatively slight arms of a highly developed human being, you see the story of progress on this earth.

To make that story more vivid we print below the pictures of the man-monkey, a series of photographs showing the gradual development of animal life on this planet from the monkey of the distant past, with some faint resemblance to the human form, gradually changing, standing more and more nearly erect—until, at last,



Look at the Row of Little Skeletons and See How Man Has Left Brutality and Power Behind Him as He Has Lifted His Gaze From the Earth and Gradually Stood Erect to Look at the Stars

come straighter and bigger in this row of skeletons AND HOW THE JAWS HAVE BECOME SMALLER.

Millions of years are represented in the changes that you see in these frameworks of bone that have carried the most highly developed living beings over the earth's surface at different periods.

Every fresh discovery of science puts further and further back the day when man appeared. It was hundreds of thousands of years ago, surely.

Little by little through the ages the face has become flatter in front, the jaw going back and the forehead coming out. The skull had become more nearly spherical, with ever-increasing room for brain.

At a certain stage thought began to take the place of brutal impulse. Sharpened flints and rough spears took the place of nails and fangs and crushing muscles. Then began the growth of the brain and the dwindling physical pride.

It is a wonderful and beautiful story, this history of the change from low brutality to high thought and purpose—it is a change still going on, one that will continue on this planet for many thousands of years.

Our bodies to-day are wonderfully like the bodies of the higher apes of Europe and of Africa.

The scientists tell you—and no sane man denies it—that there is a far greater difference between the skeleton of an African ape and a South American ape than between the skeleton of a man and an African monkey.

PHYSICALLY man to-day is nearer to the higher order of monkeys than those monkeys are to their degenerate brothers in South America.

And yet, MENTALLY, there is actually a greater difference between man and the highest ape than there is between the highest ape AND A BLADE OF GRASS.

In other words, if you estimate the thought power in a growing plant, with its little capacity for self-protection, and the thought power in a monkey of the highest kind and the thought power in a fully developed man, the monkey would be nearer to the blade of grass than to the man.

Teach the children to understand that. Make them realize that humanity has lived on this earth through thousands of centuries, gradually getting away from the monkey and the brute into the realm of thought and kindness and justice, gradually struggling up from the rule of the tooth and the claw to the rule of kindness and the law.

Hold up to the children these pictures of the great monkey that could tear a man to pieces and say to them:

"This shows how weak and foolish and low brute strength is."

"This shows you that monkeys and lions and tigers were intended to fight and that men were NOT intended to fight."

"Don't think of your muscles except to keep your health good—for this monkey can excel any man in all feats of strength."

Think rather of the power in your forehead, the power of thought which has been developing through millions of years.

"Make up your mind that you will do something with that power and leave to monkeys the fighting, the brutality and the vanity of the animal."

We believe that these pictures shown to children, and especially to boys in their teens, will do the greatest possible good, and we hope that they will be used by many fathers and mothers as the basis of a Sunday sermon in the home to-day.

These Skeletons Show How the Thinking Animal Has Gradually Stood Erect, His Jaw Getting Smaller, His Forehead Bigger, and His Arms Shorter as He Stood Up

man appears standing straight, looking ahead of him and able to look upward at the stars and to study that which alone is interesting, the mighty universe outside of this little planet.

Look at the heads, the legs, the forearms, and especially THE JAWS AND THE FOREHEADS in this row of skeletons—a row that tells a wonderful story of progress and development.

You see how the arms get gradually shorter—muscle and great power become less and less important.

The arms become less strong and long. And the hands, learning to make

and use tools, become more complicated—the fingers becoming flexible and the thumb increasing wonderfully in size. Look at the thumb of this man-monkey with his hands over the back of his head, and see how small it is comparatively when put alongside the hand of a man.

In man's hand the thumb had to do work to help every finger, the thumb had to help carry out every thought in the man's brain. In the giant ape the thumb was merely a hook used to hang around the branch of a tree, or the throat of an enemy, or to hold a club.

You see how the foreheads have be-

THE MONTAGUE CLASS

The Famous Author
of the
Potash and
Perlmutter Stories.

Copyright, 1912, by the American-Journal Examiner
and the Frank A. Munsey Company.

ALYOUSIS WALSH, the same they call "Red," was playing the mousorg. He examined the melody and laid it to the accompaniment. While Parry sat beside him on the sofa and kicked the wooden parlor chair, tempo marcato.

Outside the cold was intense, and the constantly opening door so lowered the temperature of the room that the music fairly seemed to freeze. Parry, now and then, shivered. Parry, now and then, shivered. Parry, now and then, shivered.

"Quit that noise, you two!" he growled, "or I'll kick both of you out of the house."

"You quit fooling, for the manager was of a deplorable habit with messenger boys. He had just risen from a tender conversation with 'B. O.' in the main office, who clicked him a vivid description of himself as tall and blond, and he signed as he pictured her luscious eyes and moist red lips. It he but knew it, 'B. O.' was stout and forty, with a three days' growth of beard, and more redolent of whisky than the manager at Forty-fifth street himself."

It was scant half past eight, and the theatre was in a light snow fall, and a black wind swept Broadway clear of all traffic save the cars and one or two belated playgoers. The manager lit a fresh cigar and prepared for a quiet evening.

Alyousis and Parry were "doping" the horses at New Orleans with the aid of a tattered pink newspaper. They were keen sportsmen, at least in desire, and discussed in low tones a marked reversal of form shown in the fifth race that afternoon.

"Dat ain't narten," said Alyousis, "Louis d'Or was played down to even money yesterday, and she ain't finished yet."

"Parry wanted his head shaved."

"For can't pick 'em down days," he said. "Day git yer boots away, comin' and goin'."

A bell tapped insistently, and the manager drew a ticket from one of the money drawers behind the counter. He handed it to Alyousis without even glancing at it.

"Here, you!" he said, "Chase yourself."

Alyousis buttoned up his coat and carefully drew on his torn mittens.

"Where to?" said Parry.

"Hotel Altrincham," Alyousis replied, and ministered to a cold in his head with his left-hand mitten.

"Leave me have de most 'ran while you're gone," said Parry as Alyousis made for the door.

"Aw, what for?" Alyousis replied derisively.

"All right, yer min," said the disgruntled Parry. The manager again inserted his head through the partition.

"Shake it up there, Forty-fifth street!" he said.

Alyousis opened the door and passed out with a blast of insulting discord on the harmonica.

"Holy crapes!" he muttered to himself as the wind struck him. "Ain't it cold?"

And he broke into a trot with his head bent to the swirling snow.

A few minutes later he entered the revolving door of the Altrincham and saluted the clerk with the monosyllable, "Call."

"Pardon?" said the clerk, "take this kid up to eighty-nine."

After a lively struggle with the bellboy in the elevator, Alyousis alighted at the eighth floor and knocked on the door numbered eight-nine.

A tall young man answered his summons.

"Come in," he said to Alyousis, "Cold, isn't it?"

Alyousis sniffed by way of answer and sat down on the edge of the bed. He made careful survey of the room while the tall young man wrote steadily at a desk in the corner. On the dressing-table were two pairs of slippers, a special candle at the walls were four more, all of the same pattern. Alyousis started at them with the eyes of a connoisseur, for messenger boys in the vicinity of Forty-fifth street are by association and environment excellent judges of feminine beauty.

Alyousis expressed his enjoyment in long gurgling inhalations until there was no more coffee left. Evidently the tall young man found letter writing a difficult task, for he began four epistles, only to tear them off. At the fifth attempt he concluded a short note and handed it to Alyousis.

"Take this letter to the Benson," he said, "and wait for an answer. If the lady says there isn't any, come back and let me know. Here's ten cents for carfare and a quarter for yourself."

Alyousis pocketed the quarter.

"Tanks, Jack," he said, "for all right."

The tall young man asked heavily. He had large melancholy eyes and a nose that was clearly molded as to appear rather weak. Alyousis was good to look upon, and the slender coat which he wore by no means detracted from his appearance.

"Hurry now," he said, "and if you come back in less than half an hour there's more coffee downstairs."

Alyousis grinned and hurried for the elevator. On his way he discovered that the envelope, none too securely sealed, had broken open, and in the street car he drew the letter from its covering and perused it with a frown.

"Dear Sir," it ran, "tell me you didn't mean what you said this afternoon. The boy will wait for an answer—IMBERT."

"Dat's a hot one!" Alyousis muttered, replacing it in the envelope.

"Here!" he yelled, "yer warmer out dat out! See?"

"Who for?" he yelled, and as the conductor grabbed for him he dodged and landed safely from the rear platform.

Standing on the sidewalk, he carefully inserted his two index fingers in either corner of his mouth and sent a shrill defiance after the retreating car. Three times, and with great solemnity, he repeated the performance, and then turned and entered the portals of the Boston street car.

Alyousis rose slowly.

"Who for?" he yelled, and as the conductor grabbed for him he dodged and landed safely from the rear platform.

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The clerk handed the note to a bell-boy, who returned a moment later.

"She wants to see the messenger," he said.

Alyousis was ushered into a room on the third floor in which a lady was sitting a lady of such compelling charm that Alyousis removed his hat and gasped.

"Are you the boy that Mr. Holyworth sent?" she asked.

"A tall guy with a dress suit," Alyousis quivered.

The lady nodded.

"Now," he continued humbly, "now, lady—don't you."

He recognized in her the original of the six photographs in the room at the Altrincham, though the beauty of her features was many times enhanced by the magnificent coloring of her oval face and the gleed wealth of her hair.

She wrapped the rag in Holyworth's note and handed it to Alyousis.

"Take this to Mr. Holyworth," she said, "and let me know."

"Here!" he yelled, "yer warmer out dat out! See?"

"Who for?" he yelled, and as the conductor grabbed for him he dodged and landed safely from the rear platform.

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Holyworth swallowed in an effort to control his tones and made a gesture of dismissal.

"Go!" he managed to whisper, and, sinking down on the bed, covered his face with his hands, while his shoulders heaved with great sobbing sobs.

Alyousis turned and tiptoed from the room. A quarter of an hour later he was again conducted to Miss Wetmore's apartments in the Benson. She raised a tearful face toward him.

"Well," she said, "what'd he say?"

Alyousis shook his head.

"Narten, lady."

She folded her hands in her lap and gazed into vacancy.

"What did he do?" she continued, and her lips trembled pitifully.

"Now, lady," said Alyousis, "don't yer go talkin' on about it de way he did. On de level, lady, he beelied sum plet awful."

Miss Wetmore rocked to and fro in impatient misery, and Alyousis, forgetting that he was a messenger boy, laid a comforting arm on her shoulder. Gently she took his hand and pressed a dollar bill into it. Alyousis turned red and choked.

"Tanks, lady," he murmured, "but I couldn't take it."

He left the money on the table and backed out of the door behind him and trudged mournfully down stairs.

The manager at Forty-fifth street was just finishing his last story when Alyousis came back.

"Well," he granted, "where've you been loafing?"

Alyousis was in no mood for correction.

"Ray," he piped, "me mudder's sick, an' I'm goin' home."

"You are, hey?" the manager replied. "You stay right here till 7 o'clock."

For answer Alyousis flung down his elbow-covered book and walked out of the office, leaving the door behind him.

Without hesitating, he made straight for the Altrincham.

"Say," he said to the clerk, "I've got an answer for Mr. Holyworth in eighty-nine."

The clerk looked at him and the pigeonholes behind him.

"Done out," he replied.

"Where did he go?" Alyousis persisted.

"You might try the Criterion Club," said the clerk.

By this time the light snow had grown into a driving blizzard, and Alyousis shivered as he forced the storming parties. He turned into Fifth avenue, his head bent to the storm, just as a hansom dashed around the corner. The driver gave a mirthful pull on his reins and swore horribly as Alyousis disappeared beneath the wheels. Young Holyworth jumped from the cab and carried Alyousis in his arms to the sidewalk.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "it's the messenger boy!"

When the amulance arrived the surgeon shook his head dejectedly.

"Must get him to the operating table immediately," he called to Holyworth from the back of the wagon as it clanked rapidly away.

Alyousis awoke four hours later with the fumes of the ether lingering in his nostrils. He turned his head painfully toward the white-capped nurse at his side.

"Am I going to be all right?" he asked.

The nurse nodded, and placed a linen screen around him. She bent her head while she whispered two names and ad dresses.

He seemed like an ear, but in reality it was barely half an hour before they arrived. Holyworth was the first to come. He leaned over Alyousis and pressed his hand in silent sympathy. Alyousis smiled gratefully.

"Say, Jack," he murmured, "have you got dat ring?"

Holyworth took it from his pocket and laid it on the bed. Then Miss Wetmore entered. She stood on the opposite side of the bed, and a faint flush mounted to Alyousis's cheeks as he saw her.

He clutched his hand over the ring.

"Put it on, lady," he muttered.

With drooping eyes she placed the ring on the third finger of her left hand, and then she turned to the nurse.

Alyousis turned to Holyworth.

"Get over on de other side," he whispered, and in a moment the two lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

Alyousis beamed, and half rose in his bed.

"Kiss her, Jack!" he gasped, and fell back on his pillow.

Another Montague Class Story Next Sunday.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S GREAT MYSTERY STORY "The Prince and the Plutocrat, or, The Grand Babylon Hotel"

TODAY'S INSTALLMENT

BY ARNOLD BENNETT.

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company.

Part I.—(Continued.)

"HAD thought that the affair was quite an end, and, indeed, my nephew's betrothal to Princess Anna of Locksinn-Schwarzbach was short."

"But yesterday I saw a man in whom I have referred to as the Duke. The collector of taxes was in the place here with my luggage, and appeared in too excellent a manner to be disregarded."

"How does he look?"

"With the murder of Reginald Dimmock."

"It does not square with my idea that the murder of poor Dimmock and the disappearance of my nephew are entirely unconnected incidents, indeed, that the latter is playing into the hands of the murderer. I had not thought of that."

"What do you propose to do tonight?"

"I propose to enter the house which my nephew has just left, and to find out some of the details."

"Concur," said Rackle. "I shall heartily enjoy it. But let me tell you, Parry, and pardon me, I don't believe the Duke is a collector of taxes. I will wage five hundred pounds that he is a spy."

"What are you here for tonight?"

"To see the precious house of Zolnay's."

"But surely it is too early."

"Not a moment too early, and we shall wait a few minutes. For instance, I don't believe the Duke is a collector of taxes. I will wage five hundred pounds that he is a spy."

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Prince Arbert made no reply.

"What have you to say to that?" Rackle asked.

"Merely that Lucken is ruined, even if he is alive."

"But at all!" Rackle returned with cheerfulness. "Not at all! We shall see about that. The special thing that I want to know just now is your young life. Has any previous engagement ever been made for the Prince of Locksinn-Schwarzbach?"

"Yes, last year. The King of Prussia made for it, but his proposal was refused."

"Why?"

"My nephew was considered to be a more suitable match for the Princess Anna of Locksinn-Schwarzbach."

"Not because the personal character of my nephew is so inferior to that of the Duke?"

"Unfortunately, it is usually impossible to consider questions of personal character when a royal marriage is concerned."

"Then if for any reason the marriage of my nephew was refused, the King of Prussia must have had a fair chance in that matter?"

"I think so. The political aspects of the case would be perfectly satisfactory."

"But Rackle," said Rackle, "I will wager another five hundred pounds that some of the Duke's friends are in the Duke's house at the bottom of the Duke's house."

"I don't believe it. I think I will wage five hundred pounds that the Duke's friends are in the Duke's house."

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of his hip pocket. "And you?"

"I have a small bag of tricks."

"The Duke you mentioned."

"Rackle to him."

"It was then that the Duke decided that it was a good idea to keep his operations quiet after midnight. There was no one to be seen."

"Let us go and see the building."

"Rackle said to him, 'The Duke is a collector of taxes. I will wage five hundred pounds that he is a spy.'"

"Why?"

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THE GREATEST HIT IN NEW ENGLAND

The series of JOKE BOOKS, illustrated by the AMERICAN'S famous comic artists, handsomely bound in colored cover for permanent use, now being given away (in Greater Boston) with the Sunday AMERICAN. Get yours each week and save 'em for your grandchildren. Another Joke Book (in Greater Boston) with Next Sunday's AMERICAN

Life in the Chinese Republic---No. 1

By T. E. POWERS, the Famous Cartoonist



Latest London "Rippers"

By JIMMY BRITT—Fresh from Ovah There by Jove. They're all rawther jolly tossers now. Eh wot!



THE English cab driver can't be beaten for his delightful sarcasm. I was being driven through Trafalgar Square one day by a typical London cabbie and, let me tell you, the way these fellows pilot their cabs through that swirl of traffic in the eighth wonder of the world. My heart was in my mouth half the time.

The climax came when a very old man got directly in our path. He was horribly confused, and he ducked back and forth in front of our horse in the most bewildered manner. I thought he surely would be run down. By a magical twitch of the lines, the cabbie veered a fraction of an inch to one side, and the shaft just cleared him.

Just as he passed the poor fellow my cabbie leaned down and

THE night that I boxed Johnny Summers, the English lightweight champion, I got into a cab and was driven to Wonderland, the place where we were to tie the mark.

It was a dreary February night, and cold—a typical soggy London Winter's night. I had neglected to take along an overcoat, and as I stepped out of the cab to go into Wonderland I shivered a bit and said aloud: "Brrrr—this IS a Winters' night."

A little cockney lad right at my elbow chimed up and yelled, "Oh, hie! all right, Jimmy; when you gets inside—h'll be all at MEMBERS!"

I MET an Englishman in London who "ad seen if America." He told me of the things that had come to his notice, but in particular was he impressed with a visit to a swell club in Philadelphia. In that town they have one delerious which no notable escapes.

"Let us serve you with our particular pride when you dine today," they said to him.

"Very well, oh, VERY well—to be sure," said the visitor.

And when they lifted the cover of the silver tray he saw fifty or more tiny morsels nestled on some dainty coast.

"I eye, old top, what are those little brats?" he asked.

"Those are a Philadelphia specialty—those, sir, are rood rick," replied the host.

"Rood rick, rood rick, you say—and do you kill them with BULLETS?" he asked in surprise.

"No," came back the host, "we conquer them with an ammonia gassing gun."

And the Englishman is still telling the story around the London clubs. In all seriousness.

Tribes of North America

By Lewis Allen



"THE IDLE RICH."

"H"um, nothin' to do 'til tomorrow!"

That is your idea of a member of the tribe of "Idle-rich" is it not?

Let us delve calmly, scientifically, into the idiosyncrasies of this branch of anthropological study.

In other words, let us get help to just what sort of nuts these "Idle-rich" are.

As a tribe they are by no means as numerous as the "Chif-dwellers," but there are more of us simply crazy to join this tribe than—well, all of us who are not members are delirious with ambition to join it.

The members become such through devious ways. Some get

there honestly, according to rumor, but they are not boasting of it. Many are born members because some sturdy yeoman ancestor sold trips from a wheelbarrow and invested in real estate when land was worth almost a whole Mexican dollar per acre. Some got it by working—everybody. Some just got the necessary millions—and please ask no questions.

Let us demonstrate just how idle an "Idle-rich" may be. We will take two examples. First, there is the case of Claude Winterbottom. His pile is somewhat between twenty millions and twice that much. He cannot bother to count it; because it is so vulgar to count money.

Claude arises in his slippers, strolls across the hall from where his wife sleeps at 3 a.m. He has no particular desire for anything to eat, but a drink—and then his well-trained maid brings his drink. He assists Claude in dressing and brings him a one whole egg poached on a three-cornered wafer of toast. Claude eats almost half of this, and his secretary informs him there is a lot of papers to sign and leaves to look over, so he goes into the library and lumps on his lawyers and assistants awaiting him there—because they have not tilted the rents on his strifes or monopolies for nearly a week.

Then he goes to his club and goes up a bit and drinks a glass of champagne and takes a sunbath—and about about 4 p.m. he has the waiter phone his secretary to learn what his evening engagement might be. It is a dinner at the Biltmore. He grins, but drives home and dozes. Then he fortunately thinks to ask his secretary if his wife happens to be going to the same party. A hasty consultation of the engagement books reveals

the fact he is expected to go there with his wife. Where is she? The servants hunt around. They report she has just returned from somewhere and is dressing for the dinner. He meets her in the reception room downstairs and nods pleasantly. It is the first time he has seen her dining the day.

"Dore, as usual, I suppose," he says.

"Terrible bore, but we must go," says his wife, with all the tenderness of a Chinese god in her face, and so they go to the dinner and eat a lot of rough-on-the-stomach edibles, and chatter foolishly while imported musicians almost disturb them, and get home about 2 a.m., and retire. Claude wanted to play some golf and go look over some polo ponies and look after a pipe line deal, and do several other things that day, but his whole time was occupied because he was so idle.

Now as to Mrs. Winterbottom. She is also just a bit. She arises and breakfasts in her room and has the dressmaker come in and pose her two weary hours fitting gowns, and then she goes shopping for a few hours, and attends a woman's club or the ultra exclusive, who meet to devise ways and means of helping the poor, and who spend their time discussing Mrs. Van Starck's eloquent with her chauffeur and the advantages of the return of hips and such important matters. She takes some here with some lady friend and goes to a new place after traveling through the shops and the dinner table, her dress and worrying herself about the new means and looking herself over in the Va. Shores. In the afternoon she gets home about 2 a.m., and retire. Claude wanted to play some golf and go look over some polo ponies and look after a pipe line deal, and do several other things that day, but his whole time was occupied because he was so idle.

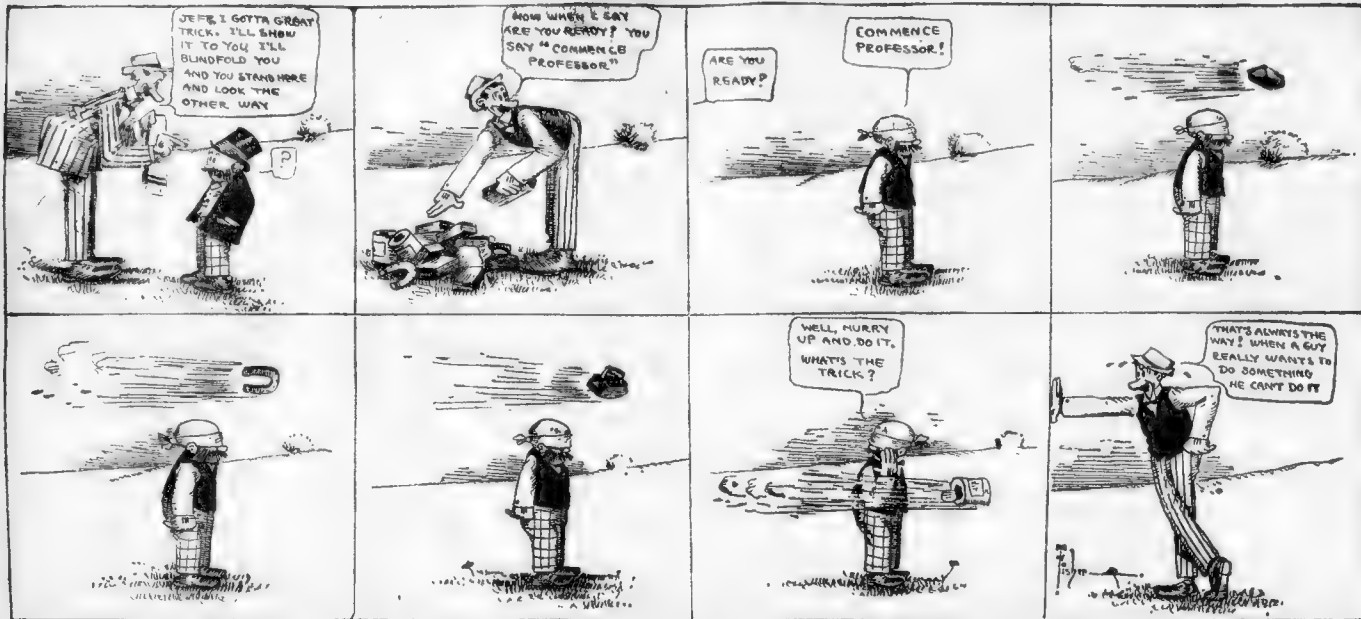
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Mutt's Aim Wasn't as Good as His Intentions

By "Bud" Fisher

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Mutt and Jeff Appear Every Day in the American



The Romance of Lord Leftover

By Wm. P. Kirk.
CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the editor threw our heroic manuscript into the wastebasket he little recked what he had wrecked or with whom he was trifling.

"Where you know, sir?" said Lord Leftover, speaking calmly. "I suppose you mean the editor's looking with disdain? I suppose you mean the editor's looking at me as if I were a fool?"

"That is what I said," said the editor, "and I am soon as I have removed my gloves I shall throw you, and all that sort of thing."

The editor, a small man with a large nose, pale skin, and a few strands of hair, was looking at Lord Leftover, who was a tall, dark man with a large nose, pale skin, and a few strands of hair.

Lord Leftover, let me be friends. I apologize for the last, in a manner in which I treated the work you have here handed to me. I do not think you have been handled with the same care as you deserve.

The editor, a small man with a large nose, pale skin, and a few strands of hair, was looking at Lord Leftover, who was a tall, dark man with a large nose, pale skin, and a few strands of hair.

I was indeed Phyllis Baker, the Newport heiress, who seemed so much a part of our hero's life.

Do you think you might eat some waffles?"

Our hero nodded feebly, but gladly.

"Steen!" called the charming hostess. "Bring Lord Leftover some of them waffles that we kept from breakfast."

"They have gone," announced the terrible Swedish servant girl, "but the tramp has gone to the kitchen, and he has my cousin Ole. So I can give him all of those bar waffles."

Isn't there anything we can serve Lord Leftover?"

Dar ban some potatoes left over," replied Steen. "Any never eat cold potatoes, so my s'pose dis har faller can having dem."

She favored our hero with a disapproving look—the look an honest barboy might bestow on a cash register.

"Steen!" rebuked Phyllis Baker. "You must remember your manners and call his lordship by his right title. Now leave the room at once. His lordship can wait till luncheon."

Lord Leftover leaned back on his pillow with a discontented sigh.

"A jolly state of things, I call it," he said, in a jolly manner. "I thought that you must have something ready for me, a couple of blouses or a hippered herring, or something of that kind, you know. Really poor kitchen girl, that!"

"Steen has been with me for many years," said Phyllis. "We like her very much and she is a faithful servant."

But, being incompetent, I should say," insisted Lord Leftover. "Not even a blower in the larder."

"What in the world is a blower?" asked the fair heiress. "Some sort of a jolly fish or something," explained the Lord in a bored way. "Something that wiggles in the water, and all that sort of thing."

"Splendid," said the hostess. "I shall have some of them for luncheon."

"But I never eat them for luncheon," said Lord Leftover, indignantly. "I always have them served with my tub and my grapefruit, you know. I hope I shan't be long on my back."

"Goodness knows I hope the same thing," snapped Phyllis Baker.

It was the first time the two lovers had quarreled.

(This Will Be Continued Next Sunday)

FUNNY ONES—By LOUIS MANN

New Starting in His Dramatic Comedy "Elevating a Husband."

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WE were playing in a little town in the Middle West. I happened in at the box office before the opening performance and was talking to the treasurer of the house when an old lady came up to the window.

"What have you got in the horsehoe?" she asked in a high thin voice.

"In the horsehoe?" repeated the ticket man, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, the horsehoe," answered the woman. "I want to know what you've got in the horsehoe!"

"I'm a bit afraid I don't understand what you mean, madam," went on the ticket man.

"Don't you know what I mean by the horsehoe?" she asked, impatiently.

"No, madam, I admit I don't know."

"Well, then let me see your diaphragm and I'll show you what I mean," said the old lady with an air of triumph.

THE craze for aerobics has reached two of my Hebrew friends, one of whom had actually mastered a motorcycle.

He soared high among the clouds each day and asked his friend Mose to fly above with him. The latter seemed a bit timid, but at last consented to make a flight with his aviator friend.

They mounted high into the clouds and flew around for about an hour before the man at the wheel turned to look at Mose.

For the first time he noticed that Mose had several picks and shovels with him and was shaking his head and murmuring disapprovingly.

"It's a lie—it's a lie!"

"Mose," said his friend, "why did you bring those shovels and things with you?"

Mose paid no attention, but continued to mumble, "It's a lie, it's a lie!"

Then Mose's head sank down on his chest.

"Mose, tell me," said his friend, "what has a lie?"

Sadly Mose shook his head, saying: "A lie! I say it is a lie! I don't see no no link in every cloud!"

A NUMBER of gentlemen sat in the smoking room of a big ocean liner, each in turn telling of his most perilous experiences on the sea.

Finally they turned to a little German who hadn't said a word all the time. "This is your first ocean experience, sir?"

They asked.

"Vot!" snapped the little German.

"Oh, then you HAVE encountered severe weather before?"

"Eggawuse me, gentlemen, if I tell you—"

"Go ahead—go ahead," broke in the company.

"Vell, you see," continued the little German, "I HE in CH Frankfort, Germany, and quick I got a cable—'Come ride away—much necessary you are here.' So I'm goes right away in de KUNARDERS steamship office, and buy me a billett—ticket for de ocean. Of course de Kunarders haft in his time de most quick bonds vot goes."

"Vell, chuss I'm come out o de office from de Kunarders and hadt in my pockets de billett—de tickets—for de drub o de ocean, so I'm quick in Frankfort vere las it my business to be."

"Clust on so moment I'm come de stairs down from de Kunarders mit de billett—de tickets—in de inside pockets, in come a man quick, and says, 'Hello! Hello! How do you do?'"

"I look ride away. I see las it some von vot I knows and proves it to be a cold front vot has a cup-tain on ze seas."

"Vot didt upstairs?" he questioned.

"Oh, I says, 'I vas in de Kunarders and buyed meir a billett—a ticket—for de ocean drub quick, and rot him here in de pockets de billett—de tickets—from de Kunarders. Vot a nonsense you schpekt! Don't you know sat I am sea captain of a glipper ship, and last drip I beat it de Kunarders 16 hours 20 minutes und 14 seconds!"

"So?" I said. He last more in my face, and says:

"Of course! Don't be ridiculous. Go back in de Kunarders and gif em back de billett—de tickets—gif your money und come vit me on my glipper ship and I make you my guest!"

"I says, 'Really?'"

"Sure! Heavens, how I can beat de Kunarders!" he cried.

"Und I vas talked over, vent ride beck up de stairs in de Kunarders und gif dem de billett—ride out de pockets—loosed \$10 premiums, and giftem beck de billett—de tickets—goes out vit my friend und on his glipper ship de next morning. Ouch heavens! NIKEDY SIVED, HAST!"

SA—SA—(OON MYEAR)

SA—SA—(OON MYEAR)

SA—SA—(OON MYEAR)

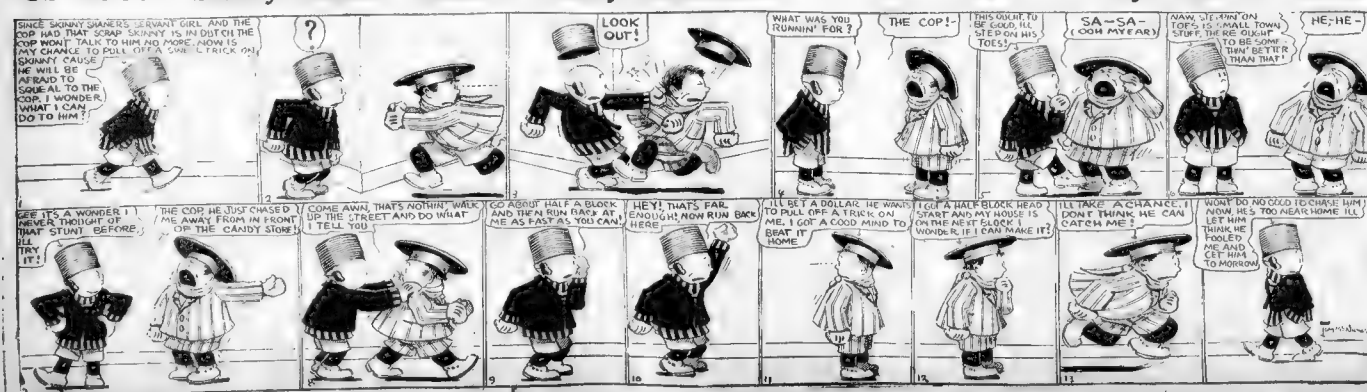
SA—SA—(OON MYEAR)

SA—SA—(OON MYEAR)

SA—SA—(OON MYEAR)

"US BOYS"—Skinny Shaner Comes in Handy Sometimes

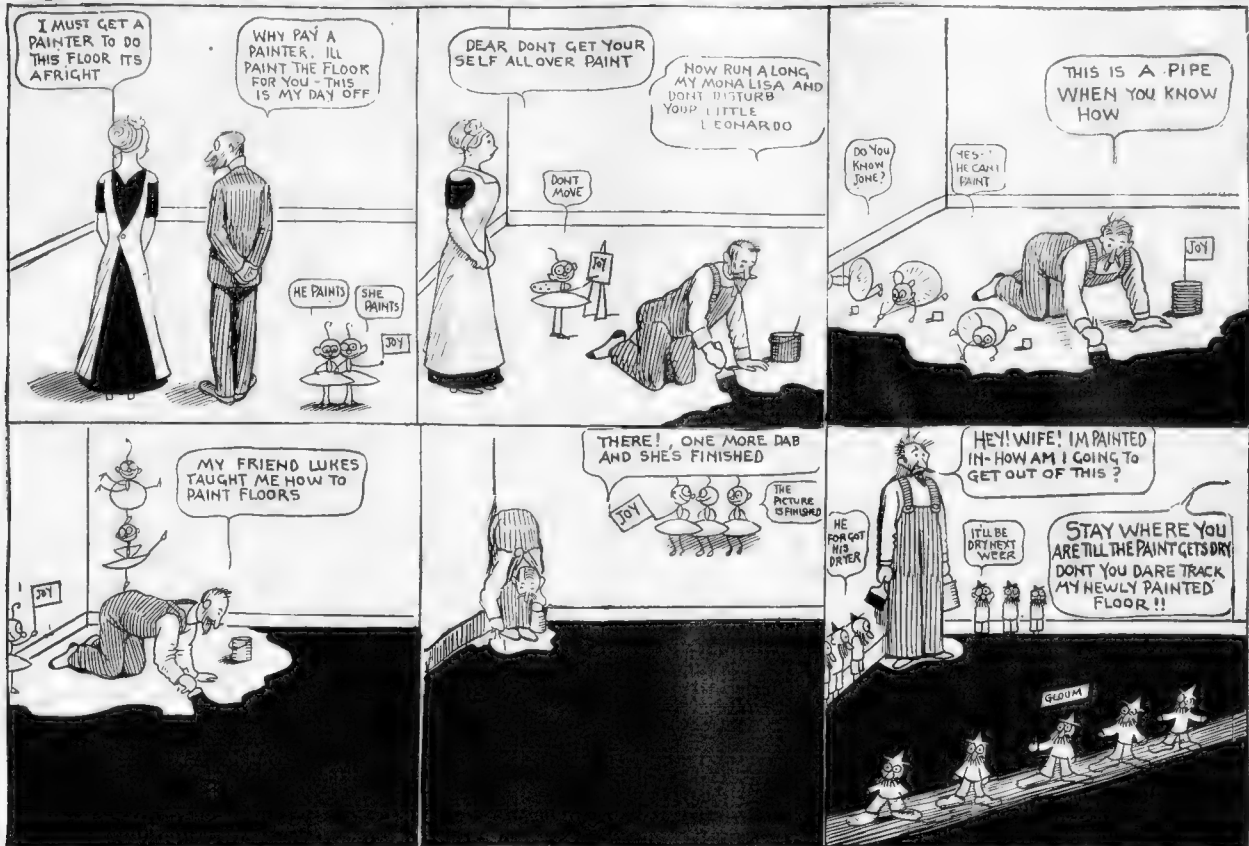
By Tom McNamara



Anyone Can Paint a Floor

By T. E. Powers

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES

IF YOU SEE—

One of these "hand-me-down" stores all plastered over with great "fire, smoke and water" bargain sale signs, it is a sign some folks are going to be roasted.

An ice dealer busily engaged in directing a gang of several hundred cutting ice, it is a sign the dealer is going to cut a great deal more ice in the summer.

An elderly and angular spinster out buying a trousseau, it is a sign she remembered that February had twenty-nine days.

Little Willie looking out of the window when his Sunday school teacher is collecting the weekly nickels, it is a sign Willie will see the moving pictures to-morrow.

A man who has just crept into his house in the dark make a sudden grab for the cuckoo on the clock when the clock strikes preparatory to striking, it is a sign the cuckoo would not have cuckooed more than two or three times, anyway.

A man turn to gaze after every handsome dress and hat the women wear, but pay no attention to the beautiful young girls who are not well dressed, it is a sign that man is a woman in disguise.

A man tell his daughter she may read every book in the library except those on a certain shelf, it is a sign those books on a certain shelf will very soon be read.

A man surprised and puzzled when he finds he has only 87 cents left in his pockets in the morning, it is a sign his wife is going shopping that day.

A man go to his safety deposit box, take out a small bag and count the objects in it, it is a sign he keeps the household eggs in there.

A woman sitting through the funniest part of the laughable scenes at the show with tears in her eyes, it is a sign she wears two sizes too small.

A woman get off a car backwards while the car is in motion, it is a sign you are not through seeing; better stick around a couple minutes more.

A lot of newspapers howling for third-term politics, it is a sign some one somewhere in the journalistic woodpile may be more or less interested in steel stocks.

A ham-fat strutting about telling every one what a scoundrel he was, it is a sign that one should remember a scream may mean joy, and again it may mean agony.

A man deliberately holding the glowing end of his cigar against the front of his tie, it is a sign the tie was a present and that his wife will hear a thrilling story that evening of how a drunken man in the subway crowd fell against him with a cigar in his mouth and ruined the beautiful tie.

A married couple throwing bris-a-bras at each other, making slurring remarks about each other's relatives and having a regular cat-and-dog time of it, it is a sign they both solemnly resolved not to quarrel for a year.

THE MORNING SMILE

Wex Jones, Editor

Vol. 1.

Boston, Sunday, Feb. 18, 1912.

No. 11

EMPEROR OF CHINA ARRIVES IN AMERICA

Youthful Manchu Here to Earn an Honest (More or Less) Living.

BOY WANTED!
Such was the sign that China's young ex-Emperor, known familiarly as the Chink Kid, was studying in the window of a West Broadway office building. The Chink Kid was about to enter the office and apply for the job when another kid, one with freckles and red hair, jerked him violently back by the queue and passed in ahead. When the Chink Kid entered the office to apply for the job the red haired boy was already taking down the sign.

Did You Know That—

Sandwiches are so called on account of their peculiar construction?

There are 6,714 windows in the Metropolitan Tower?
And that only seven of these are used for looking out of?

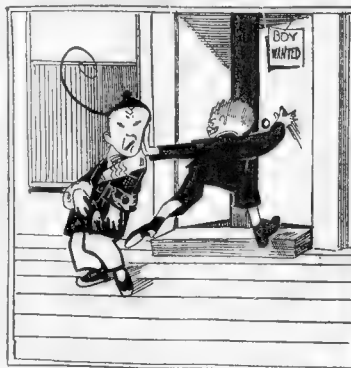
Scrambled eggs were invented by a cook who fell down stairs with a basketful of freshly gathered hen thoughts?

Bulldogs have ugly expressions, but none so ugly as "Oh, gee?"

The centre of the earth consists of nothing, heated to 9796 degrees Fahrenheit?

Coal once cost twenty cents a ton?

If you sit, your knowledge was very old.



Then He Took His Queue—and Went.

IN THE SMILE'S LETTER BOX

To the Editor—I am forming the Anti-Catnip League of America.

It is a sad sight to see a cat in full possession of its faculties daily with the fatal weed and become a brainless brute.

Down with catnip! Save the cats!

Especially let us direct our efforts to saving the kittens. The hardened catnip is probably beyond reformation and must be put behind the bars, but the youth of catnip may be saved.

Join our league. Down with catnip. Save the kittens!

LAURA JEAN DIBBY

Our Weekly Health Hint.

To not eat too much is a restaurant, unless you have the price or know the proprietor.

Our Short Story

(Complete in this issue)
It was noon in the Tropics. The Hawaiian birds were singing merrily in the coral trees.

The gaily-colored fish were wagging their fins gently in the pellucid water. Luma, the beautiful kanaka girl, dived into the ocean. To her surprise, she

Our Poet's Corner

(NOTE—Sometimes this is in the corner of the paper and sometimes in the middle. It's just a name, anyway, you know.)

Charles Dickens

By Wilyum Watson
Dickens wrote a lot of stuff. Some of it was good enough; Yet I always feel that I Write better dogs when'er I try.

Society Notes of Interest

Soup fountains are the latest fad. Instead of water, the new fountains run soups of different kinds, and thus there is always a hot lunch ready in the house.

Already the cold spell has embarrassed a number of our best known social leaders. They had figured on being able to hook their fur coats by this time and on the proceeds exist until Summer comes with its genial weather. Now, if they keep their fur coats they starve, and if they "put 'em in" they freeze. Such are the trials of those to whom less well-informed papers refer as "society butterflies."

It is becoming the fashion now among the younger set to wear rubbers, especially if the shoes are a trifle delicate, so to speak.

Walking sticks with spurs in the end are becoming popular among men about town. They can be thrust easily through the grating of a bakery and the spike will penetrate a doughnut, which can be pulled out without much fear of detection. This greatly reduces the cost of living.

A. C. R.—It is decidedly bad form to throw your host's doornut out in the street just because you happened to trip over it.

C. U.—You were quite right. While your position as host forces you to overlook any little peculiarity on the part of your guests, it is too much to expect a man to remain passive after being jammed inside his grand piano.

IN OLD BOSTON.

The site of the City Hall was once occupied by an Indian's wigwam which had no many holes in it that the owner died of pneumonia engendered by draughts.

Our Own Jokes

Fresh from the Pens of the Jokesmiths

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A TIGHT GRIP.
"JONES is not looking very prosperous. I thought his wife had money!"
"She had."
"Then how do you account for Jones' look of poverty?"
"She still has it."

SAME THING.
FIRST SOUBRETTE—What did you get for Christmas?
SECOND SOUBRETTE—Nothing to speak of.
FIRST SOUBRETTE—Oh, how lovely! I got a pair, too, trimmed with real lace.

BETTER THAN A FAMILY.
"I HEAR your wealthy uncle died. Did he leave you anything?"
"Oh, yes."
"What?"
"Penicillin."

LIFE RUNS IN PARALLELS.
"COME on and go to the ball game, Ed!" invited old Farmer Brown.
"Can't. I got to stay to home to water the stock today," replied poor Ed Robbins, sadly.
(Ed Robbins is New York.)
"Come on and go to the ball game, Mr. Skisem," invited young Broker Brown.
"Can't. I got to go down to the office and water the stock today," replied Mr. Skisem, sadly.

THE RAR SINISTER.
JINKS—Did you pick up anything attractive while you were out doing the stores today?
Blanks—No. My wife was with me.

ANOTHER JOKE HATCHED.
AUTOBIO (as he dodges another chicken on the path)—I wonder what makes all those chickens get into the middle of the road?
"I don't know," replied his friend, "unless they go there to lay the dust."

FROM THE LAND OF SPIRITS.
NEW YORK UNCLE—Come over here, Tommy, and I'll show you my new knife. It has six blades and a corker.
Kentucky boy—What are the blades for?

EXIT LADY, THINKING DEEPLY.
"HAVE you ever caught any whales, captain?" asked the fat, young seagull on the ocean liner.
"Often, madam," replied the dignified officer, boredly.
"How very wonderful! And how do you manage it?"
"We simply drop a few of the old sails on the hull!"

THE WIFE WHO DARED---A TRAGIC MOMENT

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

From "A Romance at Random," by M. B. Marlett Watson, illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg, in the Cosmopolitan Magazine. Reprinted by permission of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

"It's the hall door. It's your husband," he whispered. "He has come back!"

THE interesting and unusual social situation so strikingly portrayed here by Mr. James Montgomery Flagg is in that distinguished illustrator's finest style, and is one of the splendid drawings by the most famous American artists which make the Cosmopolitan Magazine the best illustrated magazine in the world.

The woman and man were strangers only an hour before. Yet

she has brought him into her house, he is alone with her at midnight, and her brutal husband has just entered the door behind him. How can the stranger's presence be explained, and how can the woman be spared from the consequences of her desperate and ill-considered rise to gain freedom by giving her husband's apparent house for a lover?

This is the problem of the story, most modern in its concept and most gripping in its treatment. Mr. Flagg, as usual, gives the

best dramatic picture that the dice must be thrown to win or lose for one of the two main characters of the story.

The story itself, which appeared in a recent number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, is a masterpiece of the most modern social complexity in fiction, and is a masterpiece of the most modern social complexity in fiction, and is a masterpiece of the most modern social complexity in fiction.

A Sherlock Holmes Mystery "The Musgrave Ritual"—By A. Conan Doyle.

Continued from Preceding Page.

gether they would come at night to the cellar, and their united force would suffice to raise the stone. So far I could follow their actions as if I had actually seen them.

"But for two of them, and one a woman, it must have been heavy work the raising of that stone. A burly Sussex policeman and I had found it no light job. What would they do to assist them? Probably what I should have done myself. I rose and examined carefully the different billets of wood which were scattered round the floor. Almost at once I came upon what I expected. One piece, about three feet in length, had a very marked indentation at one end, while several were flattened at the sides as if they had been compressed by some considerable weight. Evidently, as they had dragged the stone up they had thrust the chunks of wood into the chink, until at last, when the opening was large enough to crawl through, they would hold it open by a billet placed lengthwise, which might very well become indented at the lower end, since the whole weight of the stone would press it down on the edge of this other slab. So far I was still on safe ground.

"And now how was I to proceed to reconstruct this midnight drama? Clearly, only one could fit into the hole, and

that one was Brunton. The girl must have waited above Brunton then unlocked the box, handed up the contents presumably—since they were not to be found—and then—and then what happened?

"What smouldering fire of vengeance had suddenly sprung into flame in this passionate Celtic woman's soul when she saw the man who had wronged her—wronged her, perhaps, far more than we suspected—in her power? Was it a chance that the wood had slipped, and that the stone had shut Brunton into what had become his sepulchre? Had she only been guilty of silence as to his fate? Or had some sudden blow from her hand dashed the support away and sent the slab crashing down into its place? Be that as it might, I seemed to see that woman's figure still clutching at her treasure trove and flung wildly up the winding stair, with her ears ringing perhaps with the muffled screams from behind her and with the drumming of frenzied hands against the slab of stone which was choking her faithful lover's life out.

"Here was the secret of her blanched face, her shaken nerves, her peals of hysterical laughter on the next morning. But what had been in the box? What had she done with that? Of course, it must have been the old metal and pebbles which my client had dragged from the mere. She had thrown them there at the first opportunity to remove the last trace of her crime.

"We ascended to his study, and he laid the debris before me. I could understand his reasoning it as of one I must once when I looked at it, for the metal was almost black and the stones lustreless and dull. I rubbed one of them on my sleeve, however, and it glowed afterwards like a spark in the dark hollow of my hand. The metal work was in the form of a double ring, but it had been bent and twisted out of its original shape.

"You must bear in mind," said I, "that the royal party made head in England after the death of the king, and that when they at last fled they probably left many of their most precious possessions buried behind them, with the intention of returning for them in more peaceful times."

"My ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, was a prominent Cavalier and the right-hand man of Charles the Second in his wanderings," said my friend.

"Ah, indeed?" I answered. "Well, now, I think that really should give us the last link that we wanted. I must congratulate you on coming into the possession, though in rather a tragic manner, of a relic which is of great intrinsic value, but of even greater importance as an historical curiosity."

"What is it, then?" he gasped in astonishment.

"It is nothing less than the ancient crown of the kings of England."

"The crown?"

"Precisely. Consider what the Ritual says. How does it run? 'Whose was it?' 'His who is gone.' That was after the execution of Charles. Then, 'Who shall have it?' 'He who will come.' That was Charles the Second, whose advent was already foretold. There can, I think, be no doubt that this ritual and its sequel diadem once encircled the brows of the royal Stuart."

"And how was it then that Charles did not get his crown when he returned?" asked Musgrave, pushing back the relic into its inner box.

"Ah, there you lay your finger upon the one point which we shall probably never be able to clear up. It is likely that the Musgrave who held the secret died in the interval, and by some oversight left this relic to his descendant without explaining the meaning of it. From that date, however, it has been handed down from father to son, until at last it came within reach of a man who tore its secret out of it and lost his life in the venture."

"And that's the story of the Musgrave Ritual, Watson. They have the crown down at Hurlstone, though they had some heavy bottles and a considerable sum to pay before they were allowed to return it. I am sure that if you mentioned my name they would be happy to show it to you. Of the woman nothing was ever heard, and the probability is that she got away out of England and carried herself and the memory of her crime to some land beyond the seas."

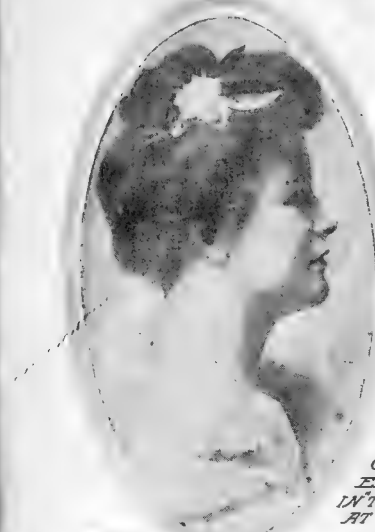
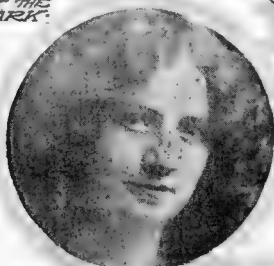


PHOTO BY PERCEAU

HELEN HILTON, IN "THE COUNTRY BOY" AT THE PARK.



HATTIE RAYMOND AT THE GAIETY.
By NICHOLAS YOUNG.

There is nothing substantial in the art of dancing, in the expression of thought through the medium of nimble toes and writhing bodies, we all know all about it tomorrow night. Gertrude Hoffmann and the Imperial Russian Dancers, of whom she has been written, both by the critics and patrons of the theatre, in operations at the Shubert early in the season, keep at it until bed time. Whatever the play, if Miss Hoffmann's endeavor to uplift the masses, ever here leagued classics, it will be conceded that the undertaking is at least expensive, for without exception Miss Hoffmann herself the entire organization was imported from Europe. It was a courageous venture that led Miss Hoffmann and her troupe of artists to make the New World accept an evening of entertainment that belongs more particularly to the star phase of the Old, and yet it was doubtless the very boldness of the scheme that gave it a solid establishment from the start. Of course, the American playgoer knows Miss Hoffmann and has often paid outside prices to witness her partially draped performances, which may account for the healthy support that has followed her across the country and back again. At any rate Miss Hoffmann and her Imperial Russian dancers will provide an evening of extreme motion and pantomime that is scheduled to catch the town by the ears. It will be noticed in Mr. Hoffmann's entertainment that legs are being worn plain and simple, which is mentioned, not to remind you of her fanful allegory to the art as practiced by the ancients,

GRACE ELLISTON IN THE HERFORDS AT THE PLYMOUTH.



NORA BAYES AT B.F. KELTH'S.

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN IN "SHEHERAZADE" AT THE SHUBERT.

but to recall that St. Louis became quite upset about it and called on the police for help. It was a silly proceeding, but in the interest of peace Miss Hoffmann fitted herself to a new pair of silk tights and saved the city from eternal ruin. You can see by this that even the art which comes straight from headquarters is not too proud to adjust itself to local conditions. Miss Hoffmann expects a more friendly greeting in Boston. She deserves the best we can supply.

In another week we shall have the second of Augustus Thomas' plays based upon the theory that the mind is superior to matter. And again John Mason will do the interpreting, "As a Man Thinks" will come to the Shubert with an endorsement wrung from a long engagement in New York. It is plain that Mr. Thomas has a hobby for thinking plays, but inasmuch as he manages to construct them up—or down—to the public taste, it is to be hoped that he will remain on the job indefinitely. That Mr. Thomas is the foremost American dramatist is always decided by a majority vote. Even the pessimistic Drama League will concede that the underlying principles of his work are founded on a genuine desire to do something worth while for the American stage. The plays of Augustus Thomas are always welcome

because they hit a healthy, human note, and in "As a Man Thinks" he has not disappointed his friends or those who are crying for a drama that is both pure and vigorous. Mr. Thomas' new play, like "The Witching Hour," treats of the mind, but instead of thought transference the theme is based on the blessings and possibilities of pure thoughts. "Good or evil," says Mr. Thomas through his principal character, "comes of pure or base reflection." Mr. Thomas also touches upon the delicate question of race in "As a Man Thinks," using a Jew for his central figure.

There is a play without love interest—in the sense of providing a manly hero and a fluffy heroine—and expect it to affect any lasting hold on the public, is not one of the convictions of the modern playwrights. The theatre-going world, we have been led to believe, demands the lover and his sweet heart. And yet "The Lattest Rebel," which registered a positive hit at the Boston last week, is without the popular love interest that is universally held as indispensable to the successful drama. Edward Peple, the author, boldly removes his "leading lady" in the first act, but he substitutes a child for the feminine heroines that follow. Through the child he retains a love interest that is more than human in its appeal, and which

NAZIMOVA IN "THE MARIONETTES" AT THE FOLLIES.

gives the story a touch of simple, childish beauty that goes straight home to every man and woman in the audience. One of Mr. Peple's former plays, "The Prince Chap," was built around the love of a man for a helpless, friendless child, and through it he gave the stage one of its sweetest stories. In "The Lattest Rebel" very healthy first week means anything the play is settled at the Boston for a long run.

The tour of the Irish players seems to have settled down to a plain unvarnished riot. Just where it will end is hard to guess, but it must be conceded that the spectacle of dramatic performances accompanied by a sharp artillery fire of long-deceased eggs and over-ripe vegetables is not particularly pleasant to those who look to the theatre for entertainment instead of bloodshed. The latest indications from the front do not give much encouragement of a peaceful settlement. It has been suggested that the most expeditious way to conduct the final leg of the Irish players' tour would be to hit each stage with a net and have the ushers sell fresh vegetables to the strong-armed men in the audience. The theatres would at least make a profit on the vegetables.

Rarely intelligent acting is such a rare thing these days that one is almost bewildered when brought face to face with the genuine article. To which may be added my tribute to Nazimova for her splendid performances at the Follies last week. While "The Marionettes" is a vehicle of doubtful quality, with unreal people to tell its story, it is impossible to sit through a performance without feeling the wonderful charm of the lady who keeps it on an even keel. Her mastery of the art of acting is as picturesque as it is interesting, and by the simplest of devices she holds you at her fingers tip. Nazimova plays for her audience—not at them. She doesn't reach across the footlights to draw you into the play—you go to her. When Nazimova finds a play big enough for her talent it will not be difficult to believe that she is one of the real geniuses of the English-speaking stage.

NELL BRINKLEY GIRL IN MINSTREL SHOW

Gate of Heaven Club
Entertainment Promotes
All Previous Efforts

The Gate of Heaven Club, which has been organized for the purpose of promoting the welfare of the colored people of this city, has given a most successful minstrel show at the Theatre, the proceeds of which will be used for the benefit of the colored people of this city. The show was given on the evening of February 17th, and was a most successful one. The proceeds of the show were \$100.00, which will be used for the benefit of the colored people of this city.

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MRS. JAMES S. COX, POPULAR YOUNG NORWOOD MATRON



MRS. JAMES S. COX,
Member of Council and
Sergeant Cushing.

MRS. JAMES S. COX BUSY AS HOSTESS

Mrs. James S. Cox, a young woman with dark hair, wearing a dark dress and a white collar, is a member of the Council and Sergeant Cushing. She is a very popular young woman and is very busy as a hostess.

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NEWTONVILLE MEN IN PRIZE CONTEST

Mr. J. H. Royal, Arcadia, is the winner of the prize contest.

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ELLSWORTH A. C. TO HOLD DANCING PARTY

Other Social Affairs to Come
During the Week in
Dorchester.

The Ellsworth A. C. will hold a dancing party on the evening of February 18th. The party will be held at the Ellsworth A. C. and will be a most successful one.

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BROCKTON MATRONS ENTERTAIN THROUG

Rev. Warren Goddard to Wed
Miss Helen Blake of
Cambridge.

The Brockton Matrons will entertain on the evening of February 18th. The party will be held at the Brockton Matrons and will be a most successful one.

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DAISIE BARRETT, HIGH IN MELORE FRATERNAL ORDER



MISS DAISY BARRETT

MELROSE BELLE IS A DISTRICT DEPUTY

Miss Daisy Barrett, a young woman with dark hair, wearing a dark dress and a white collar, is a member of the District Deputy. She is a very popular young woman and is very busy as a hostess.

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STUYVESANT FISH TO BE IN NEWPORT

Wife is Expected to Be Leader
in Festivities of Unusually
Gay Season.

The Stuyvesant Fish will be in Newport on the evening of February 18th. The party will be held at the Stuyvesant Fish and will be a most successful one.

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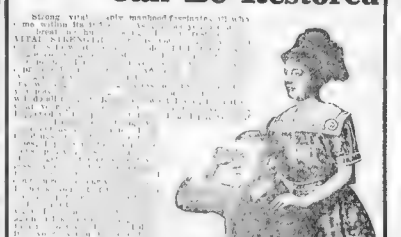
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Your Vitality Can Be Restored



Dr. J. C. Sander's Pink Pills for Pale People. This is a most successful medicine for restoring vitality and health. It is a most successful medicine for restoring vitality and health.

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Constipation
Vanishes Forever
Frustrated Relief-Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS
CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS
CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS

A LITTLE SAGE AND SULPHUR RESTORES
COLOR TO GRAY HAIR AND MAKES IT GROW

Who does not know the value of Sage and Sulphur for keeping the hair soft and glossy and in good condition? As a matter of fact, Sulphur is a natural element of hair, and a deficiency of it in the hair is held by many scalp specialists to be connected with loss of color and vitality of the hair. Use Ricord's Vital Restorative for hair and scalp troubles, especially premature graying, thinning hair, and Sulphur, if properly prepared.

Sulphur Hair Remedy, in which Sage and Sulphur are combined with other valuable remedies for keeping the hair and scalp in good condition. If your hair is losing its color or falling out, or if you are troubled with dandruff or dry, itchy scalp, get a fifty-cent bottle of Ricord's Sage and Sulphur from your druggist. It is according to the simple directions, and it will make a difference in a few days' treatment. It will make the appearance of your hair.

Drugs are sold under guarantee that the money paid is refunded if the remedy is not exactly as represented.

RICORD'S VITAL
RESTORATIVE
Restores Hair's Vitality
Prevents Premature Graying
Prevents Premature Graying

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Dr. J. C. Sander's Pink Pills for Pale People. This is a most successful medicine for restoring vitality and health. It is a most successful medicine for restoring vitality and health.

AMERICAN
P.75 DEVONSHIRE

bats and clusters of sweet peas, made a charming picture as they entered the dining room.

ALESSANDRO BONCI
BONCI-KUBELIK CONCERT
SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Opera Has Pronounced
Educational and Cultural
Influence.

By FREDERICK JOHNS.

A FEATURE of opera in Boston which exists nowhere else in America and one which is generally overlooked is its educational and cultural side. Whether Mr. Russell is influenced by the Boston atmosphere or whether he himself is an operatic scholar, I do not know, but the fact remains that a system is in force at Huntington Avenue which teaches.

As a result of three years schooling Boston opera goes with a better set of standards than those who have made in New York and Chicago and Philadelphia can possibly have.

They have had opportunities for comparison of local opera and artists at different schools of opera and of different opera upon similar themes that others do not have.

The great opera houses have passed before us in procession, frequently appearing in the same roles. Here in Boston we know the comparative worth of Emma Calvé, Carmen Melis, Carolina Walter, and Elizabeth Amies in "The Girl of the Golden West."

The greatest of baritone roles is "Iago" in "Otello." Here in Boston in the last two years we have seen Amies, Russell, Sumner, and others in the role because "Otello" is not given there.

As Russell sang in "Otello," we have heard Baklanoff, Amies, Melis, Sumner, Russell, Polak, Marcell, and others.

Eight great baritone roles in a role in which New York knows only Russell.

In leading tenor parts we have had Constantine, Zerkow, Russell, MacCormack, Jadowitz, Russell, Clement, Martin, Dalmon, Urie, and others.

In soprano we have been equally fortunate for we have been able to compare Constantine, Zerkow, Amies, Nielsen, Frances Allen, Bouslog, Frankish, Mary Doolan, Nordin, Carolina Walter, Lydia Lipkowska, Zina Broda, Carmen Melis, Elina Zerkow, and others.

There is nothing like comparison to settle disputes. In Boston we know who are great and who are not so well known elsewhere.

In New York and Chicago it is the custom to assign singers to certain roles and avoid comparisons by refusing to permit others to sing in them.

In Boston nobody has the right to say "special role." We have seen, for example, Emma Calvé, Carmen Melis, Elina Zerkow, and others in "Madame Butterfly" at the Boston Opera House. We have heard the kind of Nellie Melba, Amies, Nielsen, Lydia Lipkowska, Zina Broda, Esther Fernholm, and others.

This variation is not only pleasant to the opera goers, but it teaches them standards. It makes them hard to fool.

That is one phase of our educational system. There is another. Bonci and Russell both were opera directors. Bonci was a "Puccini" man. We heard "Mephistopheles" and "Faust" on successive nights.

Puccini and Massenet were right in implied to operate the novel of "Mephistopheles." We heard "Mephistopheles" and "Mephistopheles" on successive nights.

Recently "Pelléas et Mélisande" by Debussy, headed as the peer of "Pelléas et Mélisande," was performed under extraordinary circumstances. It was a performance in which the composer had chosen the conductor to be the wife of the librettist appeared in the soprano role.

Right upon its heels has come "Tristan and Isolde," a production which has no superior anywhere, and which creates the better of modern French music to compare it intelligently with the masterpieces of Wagner, which Debussy hoped to surpass.

These things are not accidents or coincidences. They are part of a system which is developing in Boston the most cultured and discriminating body of music-lovers in the world.

It is this kind of grand opera that Boston people are used to perpetuate.

In the Chicago Orchestra Program, which is to have

"It was in 1900 that Emperor Meiji, at the request of Princess Metropolis, wife of the Austrian Emperor, ordered a production of 'Tannhäuser'."

But, which occurred at the very beginning of the opera. Wagner declared that such a thing is not common here. They have had a few days ago as a result of it.

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VANNI MARCOUX
OPERA

FELIX WEINGARTNER
OPERA

EMMA CALVÉ
A DUPONT
OPERA

BERTINE FISHER
AND
JESKA SWARTZ
OPERA

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Music Calendar

This afternoon, Symphony Hall, Kubelik and Bonci.

Tonight, Boston Opera, Wein-

Monday afternoon, Boston Opera, Foye, Dubuay recital by Cop-

Tuesday night, Boston Opera, "Aida."

Wednesday night, Boston Opera, "Tristan and Isolde."

Friday afternoon, Jordan Hall, Gerbach recital.

Friday night, Boston Opera, "Tristan and Isolde."

Saturday afternoon, Boston Opera, "Carmen."

Saturday night, "Samson et Dalila."

Emma Calvé, who will sing one of the most famous singers of all time.

In histories of opera in the nineteenth century, her name will go down with that of Lind, Patti, Sembrich, Melis and Novitsky as one of the greatest artists.

It is just thirty years since Calvé made her debut at the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels, when she was sixteen years old.

The debut was made as Marguerite in "Faust." Her debut followed the first performance of "Carmen" by only a few years.

But her opera was the way slowly because of stupid opposition, due to the use of Wagnerian methods, particularly in the employment of singing trunks.

Calvé assumed the role first at 1884, when she was in New York for the first time.

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